Wanting

THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE IRISH SKYLARK.

Thomas O'Neill Russell Hears the Bird In the Early Morning As He Roves Out For a Walk to Swords in the County Dublin.

Rich Melody of the Irish Songbirds—Nothing Like It Anywhere Else In the World—Other Matters of Interest.

DUBLIN, March 30.—On Good Friday I had one of the most delightful experiences of my life—I heard the skylark's notes for the first time in sixteen years! No one who has never heard the skylark, can, by any possibility, imagine the effect its song has on one who has not heard it for the best part of quarter of a century. Good Friday was such a delightful day that I thought I would walk to the very ancient and historic village of Swords, seven miles from Dublin. Just as soon as I was fairly in the country, the skylarks commenced their songs. One after another they mounted up into a sky that was absolutely cloudless, and for the whole journey to Swords, they never ceased their songs. What a pity it is that so few Americans do not visit this country until after the skylarks have ceased singing, which they invariably do about the middle of June. Much as poets have written about the skylark, none of them has exaggerated the beauty and sweetness of its music. Of all the poems that were ever written about this wonderful bird, that of Shelly is incomparably the best. There are lines in it that one who has heard them once, can never forget. He calls the skylark's notes—

> "Profuse strains of unpremeditated art;"

and such they are, for the bird seems to sing without an effort. All birds do, of course, sing without an effort; but the skylark, above all others, seems to be gifted with such a naturalness of song, and seems to sing so entirely without an effort, that when one hears its notes the force and beauty of Shelley's wondrous line are clearly understood. There is a freedom and a joyousness in the song of the skylark which the notes of no other bord approach, and, Shelley magnificently likens it to the song

> "Of some disembodied spirit whose course has just begun."

It is a curious fact that the skylark very rarely sings in the afternoon. It is "in the glad morning hours" that it is at its best. In my walk to Swords on Good Friday morning I must have heard a score of skylarks; but coming home in the afternoon, I only heard one, and it sang only a few notes, and stopped suddenly as if it recollected that it had made a mistake in mounting up to sing at an unusual time. It is a strange thing that no effort seems to have ever been made to give the skylark a home on American soil. I am pretty sure it would live and thrive in the temperate parts of the United States, for it is found almost all over Europe up to the latitude of St. Petersburg in Russia, where the winters are quite as severe as in the Middle States. It has been said, however, that owing to the mildness of the climate of Ireland, the notes of all songbirds, the larks included, are richer and clearer here than in any other country. It seems to me that, as compared with England, Ireland is certainly much richer in bird music of all kinds.

The village of Swords, anciently Surd, is a most interesting one. It contains the ruins of a once splendid monastery, and a round tower. The latter should not be called a ruin, for it is as perfect as it was a thousand years ago. The walls are four feet three inches thick, and the masonry is as perfect as could be made by man's hands. But it seems to me that the round tower will ere long be crumbled to pieces by the extraordinary luxuriance of the ivy with which it is covered from base to top. It is eighty-three feet in height, and not a stone of it is at first visible through the thick growth of ivy.

But more interesting than round towers and rined cloisters is the magnificent country about Swords, and north of it, on to Drogheda. The finest parts of Illinois cannot compare with it. There seems to be, for this damp climate, a great deal too much wood in all the county Dublin; the look of it will, therefore, remend one more of Ohio than of Illinois. All the oats is sown, and some of it is three inches overground already. It is most cheering to see the quantity of land that is tilled in the northern part of this county. For miles together, one sees a succession of fields of oats, barley, potatoes, or wheat. Never, in any part of the world, in England, Scotland, or America, have I seen more carefully cultivated farms than there are in the northern part of the county Dublin, or cleaner, or more beautifully kept farm houses. And even in this close vicinity to Dublin, one sees on almost every side, the results of the Land League and Irish patriotism in the new cottages built for farm laborers. They are not whitewashed in this part of the country. They are built of blue limestone, with facings of red brick around the doors and windows. Nothing can look more beautifully neat than those cottages; and no right-minded man, whether Irish or foreign, could gaze on those beautiful homes and not bless the pluck and the patriotism of the men who, by the dint of courage and persistency, wrung from a hostile government the funds that built them.

The Irish Language Congress came off here on the 27th inst. There were men present from all parts of Ireland, and most of the speeches were in Irish. The congress was held at the Mansion House, and the lord mayor presided. The room, or hall, holds about one thousand people, and it was nearly filled. Considering the short time there was to prepare for the congress, it was a great success. It lasted from 12:30 o'clock until 5 in the evening—a very long time indeed; yet such was the interest taken in it, that a vast majority patiently sat the whole time, and listened with rapt attention to what every one had to say in Irish or in English. There were thirteen resolutions to be spoken to and carried. The principal things urged by the congress were the question of having teachers of Irish in all the training schools and public schools, not only in the Irish-speaking parts of the country, but in all parts of it; and that all warders of jails, and all overseers of poorhouses and asylums should either have a knowledge of Irish or be compelled to employ some one who understood the language, in order that if even but one inmate could not express himself readily in English, his wants might be attended to. But it was evident that the feeling of nationality was the great moving-force at the bottom of all.

The Irish Nationalists have at last begun to see that a dead Irish language means a dead Irish nation. Never before was the interest taken in Gaelic so widespread or so deep as it is now. Still, there are many who pretend to be Nationalists, but who would do, and are doing, in an indirect way, to sit heavily down on the movement for the resuscitation of Irish. An instance of this was made manifest in the reports of the congress in the Dublin daily papers. Hardly any of them, in fact, none of them, mentioned the fact that there were either seven or eight speeches in Irish. A stranger on reading the reports would think that not one word of Irish was spoken at all! Here is an example of unmanliness and unfairness that is simply contemptible. For my part, I spoke in Irish only, and took the opportunity of saying in Irish that there was entirely too much English spoken at the congress. The most hopeful feature of the whole affair was the large number of priests who attended and took active part in the proceedings.

The weather here is simply superb. For over two weeks not a vestige of a cloud has been seen on the sky. Never do I remember to have seen such a long continuance of brilliant sunshine and cloudless skies in the month of March. If rain does not soon come, farmers will begin to moan and Dublin will have another water famine.

I wish I had no themes to write about but such pleasant ones as skylarks, rural beauty, Irish language and sunny skies; but, alas! we are here in the middle of the meanest, nastiest and most horrible newspaper quarrel that ever disgraced the annals of Ireland. The *Freeman's Journal* and the *Independent* are carrying on a most disgraceful fight. Neither paper, it would seem, is paying its expenses. Every placard of the *Independent* has something about the *Fallen Journal*, meaning, of course, the *Freeman*. The latter journal, it must be said, never adopts such a shameful system of abuse of its opponent. Even the most pronounced Parnellites are disgusted with the course pursued by the *Independent*, and I have heard some of them say that it was downright blackguardism. A meeting of the shareholders of the *Freeman* took place a few days ago. Many changes have been made in the management. The stock has risen considerably since the meeting, and the paper will go on as usual. It makes very little odds to Ireland whether papers pay or not; but their miserable squabbling does immense damage to the National cause. T. O. R.

Donahoe's for April.

Donahoe's Magazine for April has a successful look about it. It gives one the impression of force and stability, not only in its convictions, but in its business aspect as well. Artistically the magazine improves with every issue. It contains this month an article on the Cardinals of the Catholic Church, illustrated with fifty-five portraits of these great church men from all over the would. It is doubtful if such an array of portraits was ever gathered together and presented in an American periodical; and considering the position in the Catholic church of the men portrayed, this enterprise of *Donahoe's* seems sure to be effective. Accompanying the portraits is a fascinating story of the Cardinals and their work by Rev. F. A. Cunningnam. In an article, entitled "Lost—the Equilibrium of Business," Mason A. Green presents an array of facts on the present condition of the country—North, East and West—that makes a soul-stirring appeal for economic reform and justice. "Will There be too Many of Us?" by Dr. H. S. Pomeroy, attacks, without mentioning, serious social evils of the time, and proves the Malthusian Doctrines unchristian and inhuman. "A Glimpse into a Jesuit Novitiate" will be read eagerly by Catholic and Protestant alike. There are many other good things in *Donahoe's*, that readers, attracted by any of these four articles will find for themselves, and surely enjoy. Of course, there are good short stories and poems.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

As our school is to be reorganized on a new basis the election of officers for the ensuing year was postponed until next Sunday, April 15, and all members, old and new, are expected to be present, as well as ladies, at least one hundred. Letters will be written in English for Irish speaking people, to their friends in Ireland or elsewhere.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

"GOVERNMENTS IN IRELAND."

An English Democrat Handles the Question in a Clear and Masterly Manner.

Brian Boru, the Conqueror of the Danes at Clontarf, Styled Himself "Emperor of the Scots."

[*Dublin Independent.*]

Under the title of "Governments in Ireland," Mr. William Field, M. P., has just issued a volume dealing with the political and social condition of Ireland from the earliest Pagan times of which we have anything like authentic record, down to the invasion of the Normans, or, as the author prefers to call it "the English visitation." A writer of such pronounced democratic opinions as those held by Mr. Field could hardly be expected to take a very favorable view of a system of government in Ireland under which the masses were excluded from political power, but surely his assertion is altogether too sweeping that "although the principles of all that constitute a nation or a government were nearly approached, yet there was no government nor no nation, there was, properly speaking, no people, because the *vox populi* was silent. There was no actual government in the sense of public utility that is at present attached to these words." Our answer to this is that there was a nation, divided into tribes, it is true, but these tribes were all, nominally at least, through their elected chiefs, subject to the king of the province in which they were located, and that the provincial kings, in their turn, were subject to the King of Erin. There was a system which, however imperfect, however liable to go down before a compact foreign foe, was the outcome of national opinion, and embraced every tribe and clan in the community. On the whole this system did not work badly, and it was in a fair way of developing that strong central authority, to the lack of which Mr. Field attributes nearly all the miseries of Ireland since it was assailed by methods and by weapons undreamed of when that political system was founded. For when King Diarmid was driven from Tara by the boycott directed against him by St. Ruadan and other clerics, he was engaged in endeavoring to obtain in an unmistakable fashion the full recognition of his authority as Ardrigh, and it was because of this endeavor that the sentence was leveled against him and the ancient stronghold of ancient sovereignty.

The evil consequences of the successful action of St. Ruadan Mr. Field no doubt appreciates, for he points out that the overthrow of Tara not only destroyed a neutral place of meeting for the provincial kings, to which they could come, without any sense of inferiority, but that inevitably the authority and influence of the Ardrigh diminished, if it did not disappear, with the destruction of the cherished seat. "The halo of custom, the charm of ancient glory, could not be transferred," and wherever after the monarch kept his court, it never imposed upon the imagination or the loyalty of his sub-kings, as Tara was wont to do with its memorials of long transmitted power and sovereignty. The surrender of Diarmid and the fall of Tara proved that there was a greater pawer, and this was fatal to the prestige and to the authority of his successor. The clerics who struck this fatal blow against the central authority had themselves little idea of the need of a strong central government. The bishops were originally attached to the tribes, and often put the tribal above the national interest.

Many of them from time to time took up arms, and this led to a weakening of respect for all authority, including their own, so that when the Danes came there was neither a strong national government nor a powerful religious organization around which the tribes could rally for the defense of the island, and so the destruction of the monasteries and the religious houses was in a large measure due to the ruin of Tara, and the consequent lessening of the power and the influence of the Ardrigh. It had also unfortunately the effect of interrupting the regular holding of the parliament of Tara, which, as Mr. Fields points out, was probably the earliest assembly of representatives of independent kingdoms for judicial and legislative purposes, and to which also came the chiefs of the tribes of the nation, so that such an assembly must have tended to the conservation of a central authority and the recognition of a common interest. Although Mr. Field asserts that the people were denied political power it must be remembered that the chief was elected by the tribe, and, therefore, he could be looked upon as its representative, in a limited sense perhaps, in the feis or parliament. Under such a form of government as existed in Celtic Ireland, and considering the military spirit, it is not surprising that the humbler industries should have been left to the serfs, and that because slaves were engaged in them those industries were despised. But it is going rather far to say, as Mr. Field does, that "industry was looked upon as slavery." The higher artificers certainly, the rath or dun builder, the armorers, the workers in gold were much honored; and it would seem that according to the degree of skill required in the various arts that the craftsmen took rank among themselves.

The battle champion was, no doubt, held in greater esteem, especially by the women and the bards, than the artificer, but even in those days there were found rich farmers, with fat pastures and fine herds, who looked down upon the gay gallants who could lay claim to no more land than that under their footstools, and not always to that. Still, it is not to be denied, as Mr. Field contends, that the incentives to war were many, and those to peaceful employments few. No matter what was the theme of the bard in the banquet halls of the kings or of the wandering minstrel under the roofs of the people the clash of swords was ever heard in the rhyme. Under these circumstances the condition of the people, liable to be summoned at any moment to the battlefield or foray, as well as that of the unfortunate serfs liable to be transferred from one master to another as the spoil of war, was not an enviable one. Slavery was a blot on Celtic, as it had been on Greek and Roman, civilization. And in this matter our ancestors were no worse than their more polished neighbors, and although slavery, however disguised, is still "a bitter draught," it should be remembered, when considering the condition of the bondsmen and women of ancient Erin, that slavery in a hospitable and purely paitoral country, in which there were no walled towns with dingy, narrow streets, and when there was no necessarily unhealthy employments must have been a lighter lot than in many other lands in more ancient times. But the absence of those towns, unfortunately, involved the absence of those municipal institutions which in most European countries were the cradles of civic liberties. The Irish monarch, therefore, struggling to lay the foundations of a strong central government had to fight almost single-handed against ancient customs. Nevertheless, what Diarmid had attempted to do, Brian almost succeeded, if he did not quite succeed, in accomplishing. For a brief moment Ireland, under "Imperator Scotorum," as Brian proudly styled himself, was a united nation with a masterful king, strong and brave enough, if he had been spared, to hold by the sword and to further consolidate by his skill as a statesman tne kingdom which he had won from a host of foes.

On the whole, when everything has been said for and against Celtic Ireland, it will be found that when its institutions reached their highest development Ireland was, at least, on a level with any contemporary European nation. Mr. Field has approached the study of the question from the standpoint of a labor advocate and of a democrat. He has to complain of the labor degradation of the masses and of the honor given to the warrior over the laborer, but he notes that under the Breton laws provision was made for the old and the poor, for which advanced English politicians are clamoring, and he dwelt with satisfaction on a land system under which evictions were unknown. He notes also the want of machinery to carry out the laws, and be asserts that in the Christian, as well as in the Pagan, period the political rule was sectarian owing to the fact that all through both periods, save during the revolution of the Altacotti, all the military power was in the hands of a limited class, which also controlled the education of the country. In support of his views Mr. Field cites a long list of authorities. The volume, which is well printed in large type on good paper, will be followed shortly by another dealing with Ireland since the coming of the Normans. To the present volume is prefixed a colored map of Ireland toward the end of the twelfth century, showing the principal territorial divisions that then existed.

The Quarterly Illustrator.

The Quarterly Illustrator for April, May and June, is crammed with good things, pictures and text, original work, too, offered by some of the brightest writers of the day. There are brief, clever papers by Nim Crinkle, George Parsons Lathrop, Henri Pene du Bois, Alexander Black, Clarence Cook, John Gilmer Speed, Elizabeth W. Champney, George Wharton Edwards, W. J. Baer, Cromwell Childe, Henry Russell Wray, Henry Eckford, Charles M. Skinner and Charlotte Adams. Painters whose pictures are reproduced and life work lightly touched upon, include William M. Chase, George H. McCord, J. G. Brown, W. Verplanck Birney, Stanley Middleton, E. M. Bicknell, George H. Boughton, Frank DeHaven, Harry Fenn, Aymar Pezant and Alfred Paris. A rapid review of art events is contributed by Charles de Kay. One hundred and fifty-five artists have pictures in the text including the series of portraits of artists, and the photographic appendix with contrasted photographs of fair actresses and pictcres they have copied in attitude and dress. *The Quarterly* has kept its promise to improve with every number.

Man's Inhumanity to Himself.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

Reasons Why Irishmen Should Support the Patriotic Doctrine of Protection.

It Is the Best Policy for America; Consequently the Worst for England.

[*To the Editor.*]

PART VII.—[CONCLUDED.]

Further citations are unnecessary to prove that England's only hope of aid in the United States is in the Democratic party and their allies, the pro-British Mugwumps. This much concerning our duty as American citizens; now let us look at the question from an Irish point of view. Love of Ireland is an amiable but very harmless sentiment. Of itself it never could create nor sustain a revolution. But re-enforce it with such a hatred of England as becomes part and parcel of a man's life, enters into his daily thoughts, molds his public actions, constrains him to look all over the earth for repulses and disasters to her policy and flag, and impels him to set his face like flint against every party and measure which will help her to put a wheel in motion to manufacture goods for the American market; I repeat re-enforce love of the old home with such virile and sensible hatred as this and we can make war on the common enemy of America and Ireland every day in the year. England has grown rich and powerful by the robbery of weak nations and by procuring markets for her goods by the most unscrupulous methods. By one way or another she has made a great part of the earth tributary to her, by force where she could and by the slimy arts of diplomacy where force was not expedient. It may be asked how Irishmen in America can make war on England without violating our treaties of peace and unity. The answer is very plain. England's gold is, and has been for centuries, the source of her power; it has enabled her to purchase mercenary Hessians, Sardinians, Sepoys and others, to extend her robber rule or crush out in blood gallant struggles for liberty here, in Ireland and in India. With her wealth she has corrupted legislatures and congresses, subsidized college professors and editors and spread her free-trade preachers and literature all over the earth. The day has gone past when she could increase or even continue her supplies.

India, rich, opulent, beautiful; India, so long the helpless victim of Clive, Hastings and their kindred land pirates; India, whose gems and gold deck the brows of England's dames and fill the coffers of her thieving merchants; India, whose incomparable jewel the Koo-i-noor, stolen from its rightful owner, glitters in the crown of Victoria, who wears the plunder without a blush; India is robbed poor. Ireland's wealth was exhausted long ago. One after another the nations of the earth, and even her own colonies, have (with hostile tariffs been shutting England out of their own and crowding her out of other markets. Year after year her imports have been increasing and her exports decreasing; two infallible signs of national decay. The number of her idle operatives is increasing with appalling rapidity; starvation is in her villages, and beggary, like a gaunt spectre, haunts her cities; crimes, which horrify the world, pervade every rank of society from the descendants of the conquerors' freebooters to the children of the Saxon pirates. Every symptom which preceded the downfall of Babylon and Rome is felt and seen in England today. Rumors are in the air of the instability of her greatest bank, and a speech has recently been made by the cold-blooded murderer, Balfour, in which he says that any power, or combination of powers, which can defeat England at sea can bring her to her knees. Already that combination has been made in the Franco-Russian alliance, which has caused a perfect panic in England, in the midst of which she appropriates $85,000,000 to enlarge her outnumbered and discredited fleet, and enormously increases the burdens of her discontented people.

Oh, countrymen, we stand in the shadows of mighty events. Who knows how soon the Egyptian, or the Turkish, or the Franco-Prussian question will wrap all Europe in the flames of war? Who knows how soon the Russian columns will cross the Hindu Kush and sweep like an avalanche down the slopes of Hindostan? When the Cossack of the Don waters his charger in the waves of the Ganges, England's day of doom has come, and when the Franco-Russian fleet compels conquered England to strike her "felon flag," she will be on her knees, then

Thinkest thou that we'ed embrace thee,
 Save with flashing sword and torch,
Though the charging Frank should chase thee
 To thy last red temple's porch?
If thou dost by heaven thou errest.
 Mark me! mine are truer lays
Than ever laureate lying lyrist
 Sung or shall sing to thy praise.

Are these the dreams of a heated imagination, created by insensate hatred? No, my countrymen, these signs are as plain as was the handwriting on the gorgeous wall of the Babylonian palace, and no Daniel is needed to interpret them. We Irishmen who sat at the feet of Davis and Mangan and caught the inspiration of our lives from the living fire of Meagher's, Mitchel's and Doheny's deathless eloquence have not lived in vain. Our day of joy and triumph is at hand. Ireland will not always droop over a broken harp, nor will Emmet sleep forever under an uninscribed column. In her dire extremity the sacreligious violator of our hallowed shrines, the bloody butcher of our patriot-martyrs, the destroyer of our home and liberty turns to America for aid. But how does she expect aid from us? He who runs may read. The aid she seeks has already passed the Democratic house of representatives, is now pending in the senate, and Cleveland, the pliant tool of the moneyed power here and in England, is impatiently waiting to give it his approval. This pro-British measure is the Wilson bill, the bare anticipation of which has cost our working people at least a billion dollars in wages, and has reduced values more than three billions of dollars. But how will this help England? Ask Burke Cockran (I wish he knew how to spell his own name), the most eloquent and most subservient cuckoo in congress. He says this infamous measure will increase imports $250,000,000 per annum, and he gives that as a reason why it should become a law. But this West Briton is away below the mark. When the Morrison bill, which was not half as radical a measure as this, was defeated, the London *Telegraph* said:

"A bill to establish in America, what the English call Free Trade, had just been defeated by the narrow majority four. That measure was of enormous importance for English manufacturers, as it would have enabled them to export goods to the United States without the crushing duty now imposed. The fate of the bill was watched with intense interest by Englishmen. Had it passed it would have been worth $500,000,000 per annum to British manufacturers."

What does that mean, Irishmen? Why precisely this: You, who voted for Cleveland and his party, voted to take this enormous sum out of the pockets of our own people, including yourselves, and hand it over to England. Oh, what charming generosity this is. How grateful your English friends must be to you. How they must laugh at the Celts whom the London *Times* said in '48 "were gone with a vengeance," and who used to swear they would "return with a vengeance." I repeat, how the English must laugh at the rapidity with which the Celts forget their vows of vengeance, become Democratic Free-Traders, and thus contribute (at the expense of idleness, destitution and beggary in America) to the relief of the English pirates when all the rest of the nations have slammed their doors in their faces.

"Shrine of the mighty can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?"

What has became of the "I. R. B.," the "F. B." and the "Clan-na-Gael"? Did Tone, and Emmet, and Lord Edward, and the un-named demi-gods of '98 really die in vain? Have we forgotten or forgiven the hangings, the floggings, the pitch-caps and triangles of our fathers' days? Is the brave old spirit which survived the bloody crucifixion of seven centuries dead at last? Have we finally concluded that the heroic resistance of the brave old race was a ghastly mistake, and that we now acknowledge our inferiority to the English taskmaster, and that henceforth we will make peace with the old enemy, vote for Democratic Free Trade, replenish England's depleted coffers, help her to complete the final subjugation of our abandoned Ireland, and bow down before the Anglo-Saxon Moloch? Or will we rise in our Irish manhood, spit on English Free Trade, and swear, God helping us, we will only vote for the men and party who have nailed the colors of "Protection to American Industry" to the mast, under which colors we are marching to victory as sure as tomorrow's sun will gild the heavens. By voting for modern democracy we vote against America and in favor of England, by voting for the Republican policy we do the very reverse. Irishmen, which will you do? Listen to the roar of the anti-English thunder all round the sky, from Pennsylvania to Kansas. American Democrats awaking to the fearful mistake they have made are abandoning the rotten hulk of Democracy. Irishmen, will you alone go down with the wreck? A. L. MORRISON.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Map of the United States.

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"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

RED HUGH GIVES HIS MEN A GOOD BREAKFAST AND A SHORT SPEECH.

In social hours the young chieftain was gentle, but in all that related to war and government most imperative and masterful. His captain departed, and Red Hugh's camp gave no sign of an early arming and preparation But now arrived visitors of a different sort. Horsemen galloped up to the great central tent, and springing swiftly from the saddle, announced that the enemy was on the march, and, at their ease, crossing or about to cross the strewn timber. The battle would not now be fought where the advantage was with the northerns, but on this side of the selected point and on even terms. A swift shadow crossed the face of the young prince at these ill tidings. Had he known that this blow came from his own revolted vassal, Sir Miler, it would probably have been deeper. But quickly recovering himself he invented new plans and sent out new orders. "Breakfast at once for the whole army," was the first of these; surely a good beginning for a day which promised to be one of long and continued battle. Breakfast, too, was doubly necessary this morning, for his devout warriors were hollow-bellied enough after yesterday's severe abstinence. The ordinary fare of Irish soldiers in this century was oat-meal or oat-cake and butter, with milk. I have seen a contract made between Hugh and one his captains, very precise about meal and money, but with no allusion to meat. If the reader be not too anxious to get on to the battle, perhaps the following Homeric picture of the interior of an Irish camp at night, and of the supper served round to the guards of a sixteenth century Irish chieftain may not be unwelcome:

"When Calvach heard that Shane had advanced to that place with his forces, he sent two of his faithful men to reconnoitre them, whose names were Donough Ogue, son of Donough Roe Maguire and Maurice MacAilin. Those twain went forward unnoticed until they were in the midst of the warriors of Shane, who were so numerous that they could not know one another even by day save only by recognizing their leaders.

"Those two just-mentioned persons moved on from one campfire to another, till they came to the great central fire which was in front of the tent-door of the son of O'Neill, from which an immense light blazed forth, for here in the centre was the commander himself, and around that fire were sixty warlike gallowglasses ready for action, with their sharp, well-mounted battle-axes, and sixty resolute determined Scots, with their broad, weighty, sore-smiting swords in their hands, watching and guarding the son of O'Neill.

"When the time arrived for the forces to take their food, and while it was divided and distributed among them, these two spies extended their hands for their portion, like the rest, to the distributor, and what they received was their helmets full of meal, with a due proportion of butter.

"With there proofs they returned to their people. That night Shane was attacked, his army destroyed, and he himself barely escaped. In the division of the booty there fell to the share of Con, son of Calvach, the splendid steed of the son of O'Neill, which was called Mac-an-Ilar, son of the eagle."

Red Hugh's warriors on this eventful morning got some such breakfast,* with milk. Meat, probably, was added as far as possible. Phe prince surely gave his men as good a breakfast as his commissariat could supply.

Meantime he sent for one of his best officers, MacDermot of the Curlews, his marcher lord in this region, also for his own foster-brother, MacSweeny of the Battle-Axes, and for two brothers of the warlike and famous sept of the O'Gallaghers, namely, Eocha and Tully O'Gallagher. These he directed to take six standards of foot, gunmen for the most part, to advance into the mountains and gall and impede Clifford, all they could, in his progress through the Curlews; and he appointed MacDermot chief in command. He also ordered Brian Ogue of the Battle-Axes to follow MacDermot with his 160 heavy-armed Breffneian gallowglasses, as a solid back to that skirmishing party. These captains having received their orders, returned to their quarters and made the necessary preparations. Breakfast now over, Red Hugh appeared in armor before his tent, where the army was summoned to attend, and delivered a brief military harangue. He was now 26 years of age, had been for seven years prince of Tir-Connall, and had enjoyed seven years of almost unbroken triumph in war. The speech has been preserved by Philip O'Sullivan, who was personally acquainted with many who heard it. See "Historia Hiberniæ," p. 210. In striving to imagine this scene, the reader will remember that Red Hugh was a very handsome youth. "His countenance," say the veracious Four Masters, who knew him, "was so beautiful, that every one who looked upon him, loved him." He was perfectly proportioned, very strong, and well set in figure, of middle height, rather tall than short. His complexion was of that clear brightness which usually accompanies red hair, and his eyes, full, gray, and luminous, and keen as an eagle's.

"Soldiers, through the help of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, we have ere this, at all times, conquered our heretic foe. Today we will annihilate him. In her name yesterday we fasted. Today we celebrate her feast. So then, in the Virgin's name, let us bravely fight and conquer her enemies."

Shouts and the clash of arms proved that he had touched the right chord in the hearts of those simple warriors, for whom the middle ages had by no means passed away, but who were still as devout, and in the old way, as their forefathers of the days of the Crusaders.

With banners waving, war-pipes screaming, MacDermot and his 600 marched swiftly into the mountains. Rain still fell, but not heavily. After him, at a slower pace, followed Brian Ogue and his mailed gallowglasses, over whom waved the O'Rourke banner, showing the lions of the house of Breffney surmounted by a mailed hand grasping a dagger. As McDermot and Brian Ogue disappeared, folded away and hidden in the hollows of the hills, Red Hugh and his host also advanced till they reached a point at which Clifford's progress might best be obstructed.* The point selected by Red Hugh for fighting the battle of the Curlew Mountains, was one where cavalry couldd not operate, and where his flanks could not be turned. He sent his war-horses to the rear and dismounted his lancers, for he was resolved to put his whole strength into the contest at this selected point. Here he was rejoined by the 300 whom he had previously planted as a guard upon that unused and circuitous road, and where their presence was no longer necessary. Having made all his dispositions, he and his chief officers rode forward in the track of MacDermot and Brian Ogue, to see how matters fared in the hills, whence probably sounds of firing already came.

Red Hugh expected that he would be soon rejoined by his skirmishers, falling back before Clifford's advance.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLIFFORD ENTERS THE CURLEWS.

To return to Clifford. The three deserting McSweenies arriving at Boyle informed their dear lord, Sir Miler, that the Curlews were undefended, Hugh Roe having marched back to camp. Sir Miler brought the news to Clifford. Clifford sent out the necessary orders, and presently all Boyle rang with the sound of bugles and the noise of military preparation. The tired soldiers had to buckle on their war-gear again and face once more the raging elements.

Soon the whole army, horse, foot, and carriages were again upon the road. The walls and turrets of monastic Boyle were left behind and Clifford's host rolled along the great road leading into Ulster across the Curlews, men and horses plodding wearily forward through the miry ways and driving rain. Clifford, by Sir Miler's advice, avoided the unfrequented way which Red Hugh had beset with 300 men. At the foot of the Curlews he bade Markham halt with the horse in a green pasture. Day now dawned, not rosy-fingered, but wet exceedingly.

It was about this time that at the other said of the Curlew Mountains the conviction arose in a certain redhead there that Clifford would not march that day. The army now began to ascend the Curlews in three divisions. The vanguard was commanded by Sir Alexander Ratcliffe, son of the Earl of Sussex, the battle, i.e. the strong central division by Clifford himself. The rear-guard was brought up under Sir Arthur Savage, captain of a Norman-Irish nation of the county of Down.

About a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the passage Ratcliffe came upon "a barricado with double flanckes," in fact the woody obstruction at which Red Hugh had intended to dispute the passage of the Curlews.* There were a few sentries who discharged their muskets and fled. The place was practically undefended. Opening a passage through the barricado Sir Conyers placed guards upon the same with instructions not to stir until they should hear from him again, which they never did. On the right flank of the half-ript barricado he put Lieutenant Rogers and his company, on the left, Ralph Constable, an officer held in high and deserved honor "for his virtue." Not far from Constable and on the same flank he posted Captain Walter Flood and Captain Windsor. Each of these captains had forty men. There were 160 in all, Ralph Constable being chief in command. Should the army suffer a disaster in the mountains the governor believed that Constable would hold the half barricaded gap and check the onrush of the pursers. He was a prudent general and looked behind as well as before.

Having made these sensible arrangements, Clifford led his army into the heart of the Curlews. The Curlews are not so much mountains as great bleak highlands of a boggy character like nearly all Irish highlands and hills, a fact which accounts for the softness and rounded beauty of our mountain scenery. Presently, still ascending, the army came upon a great expanse of brown moorland looked down on by distant hills. A gray road traversed the bog and at the further end stopped short suddenly in a green wood. The wood blocked the view northwards. Clifford could not tell what was going on at the other side of that wood. The road was not straight but was bordered by some ground moderately firm, studded with yellow furze whence its name Bohar-boy or the Yellow Road. As string to this bent bow there ran straight across the bog a sort of causeway, not exactly a way, but more of the nature of firm ground, rough and obstructed. Its course was traceable by the eye, for it was greener than the surrounding bog. This causeway leaving the regular road at a certain point north of the barricado, fell in again with the road well on this side of the wood; let the reader remember this rough causeway intersecting the bend of the road.

The army went by the road advancing as before in three separate divisions. Sir Alexander Ratcliffe was in the van, Clifford in the battle, Sir Arthur Savage leading the rear column. Carts and horses, mules and garrans bearing panniers filled the space between the columns. Here in fact went the baggage, ammunition, and provisions.

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* "Extemplo jubet O'Donnellus milites cito capere cibum quo firmiores praeliando sint." Forthwith O'Donnell directs his soldiers to eat breakfast in order that they may be stronger for fighting.—*Philip O'Sullivan.*

† The name of this place was, Dunaveeragh. In one account of Red Hugh's speech, he is represented as concluding with these words—"The congregation at the altar will make way for you, murmuring 'This is a man who fought at Dunaveeragh.'"

‡ Sir John Harrington in one of his letters says that on his return to England he will hold his own with any the loudest captain and talk as well as he about barricadoes, cazemets, etc., and truly in the Irish journal which he kept there is a bewildering maze of uncouth military phraseology thrown in I believe with humorous intent.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

JIGGING FOR TOMCOD

INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF A CONNECTICUT BUSINESS AND PASTIME.

How the Art Which Works Such Havoc Among the Tomcods Was Discovered. Not to Jig Along the Thames River Is to Be Put Down as Eccentric.

"It's a good thing that virtue is its own reward," said a man from Connecticut. "That is about all the recompense it ever gets, even in Connecticut. Now, for instance, take the confiding and credulous tomcod. Like all fish, the tomcod has habits. Unlike many fishes, none of the tomcod's habits is bad. Yet the most innocent and touching of them leads the tomcod to his inevitable undoing over in Connecticut, especially along the Thames river. His very virtues are his ruin. He might better be a vicious, rollicking, thieving dogfish, the tomcod might, ten times over than his own highly reputable and innocent self. He would live many times as long as he does and have a heap more fun, because then folks wouldn't jig for him. A good many scores of my compatriots take advantage of his trustfulness and jig him from his chilly but congenial home by the bushel.

"Never jigged for tomcods? Then it is plain that you are so unfortunate as never to have lived in Connecticut—anyway not in any of those parts of that incomparable state where tomcods are jigged. Not to jig for tomcods over there, especially along the Thames river, is to be eccentric.

"The fatal habit of the tomcod is to be caressing. If you never noticed this peculiarity of the tomcod, make a point of doing it the very first chance you get. A good place to detect him at it is from the end of some pier that rises from water he frequents. You will see him come up in schools around the supporting pieces of the pier and rub himself against them, passing all around them, always in gentle contact with them, turning first this side and then that side to the pile, rubbing his nose against it and fondling it in many ways, as a pet cat might rub itself against your leg. But piers are not the only objects of the tomcod's fondness. He caresses all sorts of jetsam and even ventures to the surface and pays his addresses to cold and unconscious flotsam. He puts his trust in anything that offers. His credulity is boundless. His confidence is sublime. And the jigger plays them for all they are worth.

"People in Connecticut are very observant folk, especially along the Thames river. One day long ago one of my fellow citizens sat musingly upon the bank of that storied stream. He held in his hand a small oak bough on which leaves were clustered. At last he aimlessly dropped the bough into the river. It fell near the shore, and the bunches of leaves sank somewhat below the surface. Presently tomcods came swimming up to the leaves, obtruding themselves into the line of my fellow citizen's pensive vision. Scores of them surrounded the oak leaves and swam in a fondling way among them and about them, manifesting much the same dumb delight that a cat does as it rolls and wriggles on a bunch of catnip.

"After awhile this strange affinity between the oak leaves and the tomcods gradually gave my fellow citizen an idea. Pensiveness gave way to the practical. He got up and went home and then tied some sharp hooks to the end of a long stick. Then he returned to the river. The oak branch was still lying close at hand in the water. He manipulated its leaves beneath the water gently, and as the caressing and trustful tomcods responded to their undulating movements my fellow citizen yanked them out with the hooks at the end of his stick. So long as he kept the bunch of oak leaves moving in the water the tomcods swarmed about it, unmindful of the play of the destructive gaff among them. Now and then my fellow citizen would remove the bough from the water. Then the tomcods would instantly disappear. The oak back again in the water, back would come the tomcods and were aware of no other presence. Soon the shore was strewn with the unsuspecting fish, and the sport becoming monotonous my fellow citizen filled his basket and went home.

"Of course this interesting discovery in piscatorial psychology, so to speak, soon absorbed attention in those parts, and experimenters lined the banks of the Thames river daily. These experiments at last took on the accepted name of jigging, and tomcod jigging became a popular recreation in Connecticut and is yet.

"An expert with a bunch of oak leaves and a jig can fill a wagon with tomcods in a few hours if he wants to, and if every tomcod that swims was in a school around one bunch of leaves and the jigger at that bunch could stay and jig long enough he could make the race of tomcod extinct, for every tomcod would come right up to that bunch of leaves and be everlastingly jigged. A great many good Connecticut people protest that they jig for tomcods not for pleasure or pecuniary profit, but because of the great moral lesson they learn from it. Whether that is so or not, the fact remains that the toothsome tomcod is the most confiding, credulous and innocent of fishes."—New York Sun.

Cracks In Bread Leaves.

The cracks in loaves are caused usually by too much flour being used in the kneading, making the loaf too stiff. When the batter is set at night, sufficient flour is added to make it pour thickly from a spoon. In the morning when kneading only enough flour should be added to keep the dough from sticking to the hands and the board, and practice in kneading makes this quantity much less than at the first trial. Bread should be turned in the oven while baking so that all sides may be baked equally or be exposed to equal heat, as this sometimes makes the cracks.—New York World.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch, Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

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What Some Wives Have to Bear.

A stout, pleasant faced woman got into a Harrow train at Baker Street station, followed by a man with gray hair and close cropped mustache and a dyspeptic expression.

They sat on the sunny side of the carriage. The man relapsed into a gloomy silence. The woman looked around the carriage and tried to be cheerful. "Cold, isn't it?" she observed.

"What?" growled the man.

"Rather cold."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Well, I suppose you can stand it."

The woman took the man's sourness as if she was used to it. After a bit she said, "What pretty flowers!"

"What?" growled the man.

"I said what pretty flowers."

"Where?"

"At the house we passed."

"Well, what of it?"

Five minutes later she said, "Isn't that a nice baby?"

"What?"

"Isn't that a nice baby?"

"Where?"

"There," pointing to a beautiful little boy on the opposite side of the carriage.

"Looks like a fool."

It was Sunday. A peal of bells could be heard while the train stopped at a station.

"That's nice music," said the woman.

"What?"

"That's nice music."

"Which?"

"Why, those chimes."

"Sound like a lot of cowbells."

Do you wonder that wives sometimes do not love, honor and obey?—London Woman.

Mr. Brooks' Trunk.

Among the many fine traits of Phillips Brooks' character were those of kindness, a consideration for all and a lack of selfishness as to his own comfort or convenience. An illustration of this is given by a gentleman who was once a fellow traveler of Mr. Brooks on a journey to Bar Harbor.

They went by boat, changing at Rockland in the early morning for the Mount Desert steamer which leaves as soon as possible after the arrival of the Boston boat. Mr. Brooks' baggage consisted of a small traveling bag and a steamer trunk. On landing at Rockland he looked about for an expressman to transfer the trunk to the next wharf, only a short distance.

The only man there who seemed at all inclined to earn a quarter was lame and had a sort of wheelbarrow, in which he assured Mr. Brooks he could easily manage the small trunk.

Mr. Brooks looked at the poor cripple for a moment, and then handing him the bag said: "All right. You just run along with this bag, and I'll manage the trunk." And taking the steamer trunk by a grasp on the strap he walked toward the Bar Harbor boat, followed by the lame man, who was glad to earn his money so easily, but was not aware that the gentleman carrying the trunk was Phillips Brooks.—Youth's Companion.

The Peruvians' Sacred Number.

The Peruvians cared nothing for any of the supposed mystic properties of either three, five or seven. To them the four was sacred, and around it they entwined the main features of all their religious ceremonies and queer beliefs. They believed the earth to be a square divided into four parts and suspended from the heavens by four cords—one at each of the four corners. All of their cities were quartered by four principal streets running from a square in the center. They held four annual feasts in honor of the moon, the "silver sister of the sun."

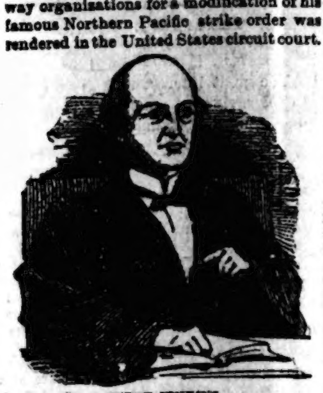
To them eternity was to be divided into four periods of time, each composed of four times 4,000 years, and at the end of each of these cycles the sun is to be blotted out of existence. They prayed to the four winds, or to "ye gods that dwell at the four corners of the earth." To them the rains came from four enormous heavenly turtles that vomited dampness, and the four winds from the lungs of the four gigantic caryatides which stand at the four cardinal points of paradise. The above are but a small portion of the fours alluded to in the legends of the Incas.—St. Louis Republic.

MODIFIES THE ORDER.

JENKINS' DECISION IN THE FAMOUS NORTHERN PACIFIC CASE.

The Judge Modifies the Strike Injunction Order by the Elimination of One Brief Paragraph, Which Enjoined the Chiefs from Ordering Employes to Quit.

MILWAUKEE, April 6.—The long looked for decision by Judge Jenkins on the motion made by the chiefs of the great railway organizations for a modification of his famous Northern Pacific strike order was rendered in the United States circuit court.



JUDGE JENKINS.

Judge Jenkins modifies his injunction order by striking out the clause which reads: "And from ordering, recommending, approving or advising others to quit the service of the receivers of the Northern Pacific road on Jan. 1, 1894, or at any other time." In all other respects the judge denies the motion of the men.

Represented the Employes.

The motion was made by P. M. Arthur, grand chief executive officer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; F. P. Sargent, grand chief fireman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; E. E. Clark, grand chief of the conductors; D. G. Ramsay of the Telegraphers' National association; S. E. Wilkinson, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Trainmen, and John Willson, grand chief of the Switchmen's Mutual Benefit association. These officers stated in the motion that they represent such employes of the Northern Pacific only as belong to the organizations named.

Points in the Petition.

The petition asked for the modification of the injunction of Dec. 19 by expunging the words "And from combining and conspiring to quit, with or without notice, the service of said receivers, with the object and intent of crippling the property in their custody or embarrassing the operation of said road, and from so quitting the said receivers, with or without notice, as to cripple the property or to prevent or to hinder the operation of said railway." It also asked that the passages in the supplementary injunction (which is much stronger), covering the same ground, be eliminated. The object of the motion was to bring to a direct issue before the court the question whether courts can grant injunctions to restrain employes from striking.

Judge Dundy to the Rescue.

OMAHA, April 6.—The American Railway union applied to Judge Dundy to have restored the salaries which were cut by the receivers of the Union Pacific railway. The judge declared he would do it. The matter has caused a sensation.

Judge Dundy was visibly excited when addressing the attorneys from the bench. He said: "If it is stated that such a cut has been made in the wages of these men connected with this organization—or outside of it—on this railway, when others drawing higher pay have been so highly favored, I will see that those who are drawing less pay will be treated the same way and I will advise that the old pay be restored."

ALL FAIR BUILDINGS SOLD.

Bought at Private sale by L. C. Garrett of St. Louis for $75,500.

CHICAGO, April 9.—All the big World's fair buildings have been sold at a private sale by the South park commissioners. L. C. Garrett, a St. Louis contractor, bought the lot for $75,500. This purchase includes the great Manufacturer's building, Machinery hall and the buildings of Administration, Electricity, Mines, Agriculture, Fisheries and Transportation. The only structures not named in the purchase are the Art building, now the property of the Field Columbian museum, the Convent La Rabida, the two service buildings, into which the exposition company has gathered its effects, and the Forestry building.

BEN KING IS DEAD.

The Michigan Poet and Humorist Found Lifeless in Bed.

BOWLING GREEN, Ky., April 9.—Ben King, the Michigan poet and humorist, who appeared in the Opera house here with Opie Read, was found dead in bed at his room in the Morehead House in the morning. When the clerk went to his room to wake him to go to Owensboro on the 4 o'clock train he could not be aroused. Repeated knocks at the door brought no response and an entrance to the room was effected through the transom. Mr. King was lying in bed dead. He had evidently died from heart disease. His body will be sent to his home at St. Joseph, Mich., where he has a wife and two children.

Two Aged Cincinnatians Dead.

CINCINNATI, April 10.—Two very aged and prominent Cincinnatians are dead. Jacob Hoffner, aged 94, died at his home in Cumminsville. He was a man of wealth fifty years ago and his premises were the most celebrated in the west for its gardens and statuary. Mr. William H. Hughes, formerly president of the Union National bank of this city, died of progressive paralysis at the home of his son in Avondale, at the age of 81.

Triple Execution.

NEWPORT, Ark., April 6.—The three train robbers, J. L. Wyrick, Thomas Brady and Albert Mansker, who killed Conductor W. P. McNally at Oliphant, Ark., Nov. 3, 1893, were hanged here. The drop fell at 7:55 o'clock and the men were pronounced dead at 8:05. All three necks were broken.

Wagon Works Burned.

CHICAGO, April 10.—L. Palm's wagon manufactory and stock, valued at $20,000, were destroyed by fire. The plant was situated at the corner of Fortieth and Stewart avenue, between two lines of freight tracks. Sparks from a passing engine are supposed to have started the blaze.

COXEY'S COMMONWEALERS.

A Clear and Sunshiny Day Gives Hope to the Marchers.

BROWNSVILLE, Pa., April 9.—Visitors arrived in this historic town by the scores for the express purpose of catching a glimpse of the camp of the army of peace and watch it as it passed out of town for Uniontown. The sun came out clear and it was a perfect day, such as the commonweal has not had for some time. Camp Chicago, located on a level piece of meadow near the Bridgeport bridge and just on the banks of the Monongahela river, was visited by the members of the army early as they pulled out of their warm quarters in Brace Bridge hall into the frosty air. They had enjoyed themselves and spent such a night of pleasing rest as it had not been their portion since their departure on this overland trip.

This state of comfort was greatly enhanced by a supper of unusual delicacy. Cans of corn, peas, tomatoes, and other vegetables with great prodigality and sixty gallons of vegetable soup was made for the half-famishing men. It was their first treat in the way of a decided change from bologna and weak coffee, and it was highly appreciated. No desertions were reported during the night and only two recruits showed themselves. The announcement that no foreigners need apply for admission to the army has deterred several who were in sympathy with the move from making application. The men are in excellent spirits. At 10 o'clock the army started out briskly for Uniontown.

PUPILS IN A PANIC.

Bursting Steampipe Causes a Stampede with Loss of Life.

CHICAGO, April 10.—A panic occurred in the Humboldt school at North avenue and Rockwell street and in the mad rush of the children to escape from the building one boy was killed and over a score were crushed and trampled. Fourteen children lie in the St. Elizabeth hospital under the care of physicians, while many others were carried to their homes by the police. It was shortly before the noon adjournment when a large explosion startled every teacher and pupil in the school.

A steampipe had burst in one of the rooms and a moment later the children were rushing pell-mell through the halls and down the stairs, shrieking with fear. The stairway became choked with the and as they continued to pour out of the rooms to swell the surging mass in the hallways those in advance were thrown down by the onward rush of those behind. When the shrieking children fled out into the street some one turned in an alarm of fire and in a few moments the fire and police departments were on the scene. The firemen soon removed fifteen children, who were hurried to St. Elizabeth's hospital. On the way one boy died.

UNDER TONS OF ROCK.

Three Men Killed and Three Injured by an Explosion.

PITTSBURG, April 9.—Three men were killed outright and three seriously injured by a premature explosion of giant powder and dynamite near the new works of the Westinghouse Electric company, now in course of erection at Brinton station, on the Pennsylvania railroad near Braddock. The men were all Austrians. They were engaged in excavating for the foundation of the new electric plant. A heavy charge of giant powder was placed in the solid earth. In some unaccountable way the dynamite cap went off but did not explode the powder charge.

The men were called back to drill for the powder, and in so doing their steel drills ignited the explosive. Twenty tons or more of rock fell upon the laborers, while an equal quantity of earth was scattered in all directions. When the men were extricated, half an hour later, three were dead and three were in a critical condition. The dead men were mangled and torn almost beyond recognition. The victims were known only by their numbers, and the names of the dead have not yet been ascertained.

JENKINS INQUIRY BEGUN.

Congressional Committee Commences the Investigation at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, April 9.—The investigation into the charges against Judge James G. Jenkins of the United States circuit court has begun, Chairman Boatner and Representative Terry, of the sub-committee of the house judiciary committee having the investigation in hand. Representative Stone of Pennsylvania, the third member of the sub-committee, will not reach Milwaukee for a day or two. Among the labor chiefs who are here to attend the investigation are Chiefs Sargent, Clark, Wilkinson, Wilkins and Ramsay. Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is not present. General Manager Kendrick of the Northern Pacific also arrived in the city. The investigation is being held in the United States circuit court room.

MINISTER TO ECUADOR.

The President Names Edward H. Strobel of New York for the Place.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The president has sent the following nominations to the senate: Edward H. Strobel of New York, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Eucador; William Rockhill of Maryland, third assistant secretary of state, vice Edward H. Strobel, nominated minister to Ecuador. To be attorney of the United States—James L. O'Brien, district of North Dakota. Postmasters—John Buckmaster, Alton, Ills.; William E. Gillham, Upper Alton, Ills.; John I. Hoover, Wabash, Ind.; J. B. Smither, Nicholasville, Ky.; John D. Bills, Corinth, Miss.; John McGowan, Brookfield, Mo.; Alf Trederick, Allentown, Pa.

Talking to the Jury.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The closing arguments in the Breckinridge trial commenced before a small audience. Mr. Carlisle began in Miss Pollard's behalf. He spoke in a conversational tone and very deliberately. He reviewed the evidence in detail and succeeded in making a very strong, clear argument. The jury listened with unwavering interest and was apparently much impressed. He will probably be followed by Phil Thompson in the defendant's behalf. The case is not expected to go to the jury before Thursday.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

SPENCER, Ind., April 9.—A terrible casualty occurred at Lancaster, ten miles west of here. A boiler exploded in the mill belonging to Christian Weber, killing three men and fatally injuring two others. The dead are: Christian Weber, Lewis Weber, his son; Clifton Tinehart, laborer. The two fatally injured were laborers and their names are not known.

HORROR AT MILWAUKEE

MANY FIREMEN LOSE THEIR LIVES WHILE ON DUTY.

While on the Roof of the Davidson Theater Fighting the Flames the Roof Falls in and Many Firemen Are Cremated Before They Can Be Rescued.

MILWAUKEE, April 10.—The Davidson theatre, the finest playhouse in Milwaukee and one of the handsomest and costliest theatres in the country, was destroyed by fire which broke out between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning. The valuable scenery carried by the Lilliputians, whose ten days' engagement at the theatre was to close on Wednesday, is all gone. Manager Rosenthal of the company says it was worth $25,000. Shortly after 5 o'clock when the fire was seemingly under control, the theatre roof, on which a score or more of the brave firemen stood as they fought the flames, went down and the brave men were carried with it to the floor or the auditorium below. Some were extricated from the furnace of flames, in which the whole interior was now enveloped by their brave and more fortunate comrades who risked their lives to drag out the prostrate forms of the dead and injured men. Six or eight men were soon brought out but eight more were in the ruins, where living death awaited them. For these poor fellows there was no chance.

A Scene of Horror.

The burning roof had fallen on them and they were roasted to death, if they had not been killed in that terrible plunge from the roof. A try of horror went up from the firemen who saw the awful catastrophe. The members of the insurance patrol were covering up the seats in the parquette of the theatre when suddenly a light was seen through the roof above. The men in the theatre ran back just in time and the next minute the roof fell into the parquette of the theatre. Several of the men in the theatre were caught by the falling timbers. The scene that followed is never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. For a moment all was dark, then suddenly a tremendous sheet of flame shot up and with it came the cries of the firemen who had fallen through the roof to the theatre below. One man was heard to cry: "My God, help me. I am roasting to death."

Trouble in Getting Water.

The men were buried under the blazing roof and there seemed to be little hope that any would come out alive, if indeed they had not been killed by the terrible fall. There was trouble in getting water on the fire, which now rapidly made its way through the theater and scenery. The water was finally turned on and several of the firemen, who had fallen nearest to the front door lobby, were dragged from the burning debris and carried out more or less injured. The men were removed to a saloon across the street and their wounds dressed, while the firemen bravely kept at work pouring a deluge of water on the debris and trying to rescue others of the unfortunates. But soon no more cries were heard and it was evident that all who had not been brought out must now be past hope. The interior of the auditorium soon became a seething mass of flames which the firemen vainly endeavored to subdue in order to save their doomed comrades.

Added Fuel to the Flames.

While the frantic men were at work midst the ruins on the floor of the parquette, the gallery began to burn and while directing their attention to this blaze another portion of the roof fell, making the rescue of the imprisoned men impossible and adding more fuel to the fire. The first fatality of the fire happened before the more awful tragedy on the roof. Ollie Bois, a fireman, lost his life while trying to reach the roof of the theatre before the roof fell. He had put up a ladder from the northern wing of the hotel building, which is two stories lower than the the theatre proper, when the ladder swayed and he fell with it to the roof of the wing. He was carried away and died in the arms of his comrades.

List of Killed.

Following is a partial list of the men who were burned in the smoldering ruins: George Janssen, Company No. 2; August Janssen, assistant chief; Archie Campbell, of the fireboat Caseract; Thomas Morgan, No. 1; Frank McGurk, James Freeman, No. 4; —— O'Neill, —— Crowley, No. 14. At the morgue; Ollie Ries, No. 3, fatally injured by the fall of a ladder, died on the way to the hospital.

The following were rescued and taken to the emergency hospital: Lieutenant Curran of company No. 1, Central Fire station, probably fatally injured; Fred Marsh of company 5, foot crushed; Fred Schroeder; John Yeo, pipeman of No. 5, badly bruised and back hurt. Captain Linehan of No. 4, probably fatally injured.

Quiet in the Coke Region.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., April 6.—The strike is over, and ignominious defeat marks its collapse. Within the past six hours the rioters from both sections of the coke field have laid down their arms and gone peaceably to their homes. The movement was a miserable failure and not a point was gained by the men. They are in a worse condition now than before, as the companies are starting their works with English speaking workmen to the exclusion of the foreign element. All the works in the southern end of the region are either running or preparing to start up between this and Monday, while those in the northern end are in full operation.

FALL OF A BRICK WALL.

Five Men Badly Injured, One of Whom May Not Live.

ELIZABETH, N. J., April 6.—A brick wall of a building on Broad street in process of erection, fell upon a gang of bricklayers who were at work on a scaffold on the opposite wall. The wounded are: William Healy, skull fractured, legs broken; James Kerr, leg broken and hip fractured; Alex Kerr, head badly cut and face disfigured; Robert Irwin, one arm broken and skull probably fractured; James Fory, head badly injured. The men were all rendered unconscious. It is thought Healy will die. Several of the helpers about the work were hurt by flying bricks.

Mexicans to Kill an American.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 10.—The highest court of Mexico has confirmed the sentence of death recently passed upon Charles Adams, an American who murdered a waiter in a restaurant here three years ago. Adams comes of a prominent family of New Orleans and the American colony has used every effort to have his sentence lightened. He will probably be shot within the next few days.

NOVEL SPECTACLE.

Congressional Committee Trying a U. S. Judge.

THE JENKINS INJUNCTION INQUIRY

Boatner, and His Colleagues Begin the Investigation at Milwaukee and Listen to Testimony for Over Three Hours—Chiefs Clark and Sargent, of the Railway Unions, Give Evidence—The Substance of What They Said.

MILWAUKEE, April 10.—The novel spectacle of a United States judge on trial before a congressional committee is now being presented in Milwaukee. Representatives C. J. Boatner, of Louisiana; W. L. Terry, of Arkansas, and W. A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, composing a sub-committee of the judiciary committee of the house of representatives, took their places behind a broad table in a club-room of the Hotel Pfister and began the investigation of Judge Jenkins' famous Northern Pacific strike injunction which Representative McGann and the several orders of railway employes represented in the Northern Pacific road succeeded on inducing congress to make. The session lasted three hours and a half.

Boatner Explains the Procedure.

During the afternoon E. E. Clark, representing the Order of Railway Conductors, and T. P. Sargent, representing the Order of Railway Firemen, were sworn. Attorney Harper, of Terre Haute, Ind., representing the railway employes; Attorney Curtis, of New York, representing the receivers, and Attorney Miller, of this city, who assisted him, were present. Receivers Payne and Oakes and ex-Senator John C. Spooner were also interested spectators, as were Messrs. Arthur, Wilkinson, and Ramsay, chiefs of the various brotherhoods of railway employes. Chairman Boatner opened the session by giving a simple outline of what the committee had been instructed to do, its authority, etc. He said the committee would ask the witnesses whatever questions it thought necessary bearing on the granting of the injunction and that the attorneys would be allowed to ask whatever questions they may choose to assist in a fair investigation.

Chief Clark Takes the Stand.

Copies of the petition on which the first injunction was granted, a copy of the evidence and arguments and a copy of the last decision by Judge Jenkins in which he defends his first decision and stands by it were submitted by Attorney Harper. Boatner then said the committee wished to especially ascertain how far and in what respects the order had oppressed the employes and just how the men construed the order. Grand Chief E. E. Clark, of the Order of Conductors, was then sworn. He said his organization provided that a committee representative of all the conductors in a particular line shall look into a grievand report to him.

He continued: "I also look into the matter and if I think the facts warrant whatever action the committee may decide to take I give my sanction. If the committee have ascertained that there is sufficient cause and that two-thirds of the employes on the road affected want a strike they so report to me. I can then investigate and if I see that there is no chance for arbitration I can sanction the committee's report and a legal strike is 'on.' Without this sanction the strike would be illegal."

CASE OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

Clark Tells About the Conferences and Injunctions.

He said that in the case of the Northern Pacific road, "Our committee went to St. Paul Dec. 16 to see what could be done to avoid a reduction of wages and a change in the schedule. The officials of the road and the committee arranged for a meeting Dec. 19. On that date the committee called and was informed by General Manager Kennrick that things were not then in shape for a conference, but that they would be Dec. 21."

"Dec. 19 is the date upon which the injunction was granted, is it not?" asked Boatner.

"Yes, the first injunction. Dec. 21 the committee called at the office of Mr. Kendrick and a conference was held."

"And is it not a fact" put in Attorney Harper, "that a secret injunction was issued the day before?"

"No; a supplemental injunction was granted Dec. 22. At the conference held Dec. 21, however, the representatives of the road withheld the answer until Dec. 26."

"Then before the answer was given," asked Boatner, "this supplemental injuncwas issued?"

"Yes, sir."

Clark said the road had given the employes notice some time before it was proposed to reduce wages that such action had been taken. He had not been served with the injunction, although a United States marshal had hunted for him. He felt bound by the order, however, and would not have sanctioned a strike under the circumstances. He said also that the men felt bound by the order not to quit the employ of the road, and would not strike.

In regard to wages he said the men were in one sense working on a scale agreed upon and in another sense they were not. In answer to Boatner Clark said he did not think the injunction had done any harm so far as the Northern Pacific employes were concerned, but it had been harmful in a general way to workingmen, as he believed it was an abridgement of their constitutional rights and established a precedent which would be followed by all courts had not congress been called on to investigate.

Sargent's testimony was practically to the same effect. Ramsay and Arthur will be on the stand today.

Will Join for Good Roads.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—Practically all railroads along road material producing sections of the country will co-operate with the agricultural department in the movement for better roads. Letters have been received from a large number of railroad officials, to whom circulars were sent by General Stone, in charge of the road inquiry bureau, asserting their willingness to join with connecting roads to promote the good roads movement.

Decided Against the Railway.

TOPEKA, Kas., April 10.—Judge Riner, of the United States district court, has made a very important decision dissolving the injunction sought by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road to restrain the sheriff of Morton county from levying on the rolling stock to secure unpaid taxes. The principal railroads of the state are fighting their taxes on account of the advance in assessment.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH

Happenings in the Prairie State Given in a Column by Themselves Where They Can Be Easily Perused by Our Own People—Review of a Week.

SPRINGFIELD, April 6.—A conference was held here between the state board of labor statistics, the five state mine inspectors, and Assistant Attorney General Newell, which will result in a more rigid compliance with the mining law of the state. It was agreed that mine inspectors should make quarterly reports to the bureau of labor statistics respecting the number of violations in their districts, and that all coal companies should receive from the inspector written notice of violations discovered at mine examinations, if any, and a copy of the same be sent to the bureau of labor statistics.

A list was furnished of mines whose managers or operators have failed to comply with the law by engaging a mine manager not holding a state certificate, and the board of labor statistics will prosecute such delinquents. Sixty fatal accidents have happened in mines for nine months of the fiscal year in this state against fifty-nine—largest ever known—in the previous twelve months, and the commissioners instructed the secretary to inquire by what discipline or practice the class of accidents usually occurring in mines in Illinois are minimized elsewhere.

PERILOUS RIDE OF A BABY.

Found in a Basket on the Running Board of a Locomotive.

EFFINGHAM, Ills., April 9.—Riding on the running board of a locomotive attached to an eastbound passenger train was found a 2-year-old baby, snugly tucked in a willow basket. The little one was not discovered until the train had pulled into the depot, and where it came from is a mystery.

The engineer does not remember of seeing any one near his engine during any of the stops during the night, but, from the amount of cinders and dust that had lodged in the basket, it is evident that the little waif has had a long and perilous ride. A stranger, who was stealing a ride and who is held pending an investigation, says the basket with its contents was placed on the locomotive at Terre Haute by a fellow whom he took to be a brother tramp, but who subsequently disappeared. The little waif is in good health and will be cared for.

CUT HIM OUT A LOT OF WORK.

Business for the Illinois Attorney General Prosecuting "Trusts."

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 10.—The secretary of state has made a report to the attorney general showing the number of incorporated companies in this state who have failed to make a proper report according to the provisions of the recently enacted anti-trust law in Illinois, together with a list of each incorporated company, with name, amounts and location. The list comprises over 15,000 companies and under the law it is now the duty of the attorney general to at once commence suit against each company who failed to make the proper report to the secretary of state. Some 10,000 made full reports, while several thousands took out certificates of dissolution rather than make the report. The attorney general will be very busy for many months after these suits are instituted.

No Pardons by Gill.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 10.—As many applications for pardons from the Illinois penitentiaries of various criminals have been of almost daily receipt, Acting Governor Gill has announced that he will grant no pardons while acting as governor. He says that duty devolves upon the governor, and while he could grant them he will not do so, but leave all such applications for Governor Altgeld to pass upon when he returns here.

Robbed a Farmer of $1,000.

RUSHVILLE, Ills., April 10.—William Sheesley was arrested here and taken to Cambridge, Henry county, Ills., where he is wanted for robbery. Sheesley and a companion robbed a farmer of Henry county of $1,000. The farmer did not believe banks were safe, and he took $4,000 from the bank and hid it under his dwelling, where his adopted son and Sheesley took $1,000 of it.

Acquitted of Murder.

PARIS, Ills., April 9.—Douglas Roberts was acquitted of the murder of Policeman James King at Brocton, Dec. 26, 1893. Roberts, who is a prominent citizen, stabbed the policeman while the latter was attempting to arrest a man named Koons, who was employed by Roberts. Koons had clung to Roberts when placed under arrest, and the officer beat them both with a club.

Fithian Sure of Renomination.

MARSHALL, Ills., April 5.—The Democratic congressional nomination in the Nineteenth district is settled and George W. Fithian is the nominee without a hope for any one else. He carried Clark county over R. E. Hamill, of this city, by fully 400 majority. The result is because Fithian is a silver man, while Hammill has no record on that question.

Gave Him an Intricate Task.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 6.—The state board of labor commissioners has instructed Secretary Schilling to pursue an investigation of the system of taxation with its unjust discriminations as well as the question of land values, and this matter will constitute the future basis of work for the department.

The Illinois State Fair.

SPRINGFIELD, April 6.—The state board of agriculture has decided to appropriate $70,000 instead of $50,000 for an exposition building and will repair the race track this year instead of making a new one. The corner stone of the exposition building will be laid July 4.

Rickety Dan Surrenders.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 6.—William Newby, alias "Rickety Dan" Benton, the pension claimant, just refused a new trial by the United States supreme court, arrived here and gave himself into the custody of the United States marshal.

Fruit Crop Almost Ruined.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 5.—Reports from correspondents all over the state to the office of the state board of agriculture, show that the fruit crop was almost ruined by the cold snap of March 25 and and 26.

Arrested for Shoving the Queer.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 6.—Leno Kleeno has been arrested here for passing counterfeit dollars and quarter dollars, several of which were found on his person.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

William Barnes was thrown from a colt at Goshen, Ind., and killed by being impaled on a fence.

Lewis Mitchell, colored, of Muncie, Ind., unexpectedly received $500 from the estate of his old master, who advised him to invest the money and get a wife.

The cash balance in the treasury at the close of business Monday was $133,950,025, and the net gold $106,149,136.

Four saw mills at Clinton, Lyon and Fulton, Ia., started, giving employment to 700 men.

Albert F. Harrison was seized with a fit at Adrian, Mich., and falling in a ditch was drowned.

James Linbaugh was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for shooting Dan Brown, at Marbletown, Ills.

William J. Chomel, 33 years old, committed suicide at Indianapolis by drinking carbolic acid.

Frank McMaster, editor of McMaster's Weekly and formerly editor of the Oklahoma Gazette, was fined at Oklahoma City, O. T., $500 and sentenced to six months in jail for contempt of court.

William Andrews died at Greensburg, Ind., from injuries received in a quarrel with Henry Updike, who surrendered.

⁂

Jim Johnson killed his brother Sidney near Nicholasville, Ky. They quarreled at a dance.]

Arthur Miller of Anderson, Ind., was awarded $8,000 against the Fowler Bolt company for the loss of a limb while in their employ.

Freeport, Ills., has its first case of smallpox since 1866, the victim being a 6-year-old daughter of A. P. Cleveland.

Edward T. Hodgson was appointed receiver for the St. Paul Evening News. Editors and compositors, who had struck for wages due them, went back to work.

The body of an unknown man, about 40 years of age, having in his pocket a letter addressed to Charles Brandt of Milwaukee, was found hanging to the iron bridge three miles east of Broodfield, Wis.

Leonard Walworth of Morris, Ill., while rowing in the Illinois river fell from the boat and was drowned. He was 83 years of age.

The King of Italy has conferred the Order of Sts. Maurice and Lazarus on Sir Joseph Lister, M. Pasteur and Professor Virchow.

⁂

Harry Manning accidentally shot Burt Maxfield while hunting near Lyndon, Pa.

Paul J. Sorg of Middletown was nominated for congress by the Democratic Third Ohio district convention by acclamation.

By the death recently of Lieutenant John Alexander, of the Ninth cavalry, there remains but one colored officer in the United States army. The survivor is Charles Young of the same regiment and from the same state, Ohio.

Lloyd McGinnis, 45, took poison at Shelbyville, Ind., and died. Domestic troubles are alleged to have caused the act. McGinnis was a prominent local politician.

An explosion of natural gas wrecked the furnace in the cellar of the High Street Methodist church at Muncie, Ind., and injured Janitor G. W. Davis. The damage is slight to the building. Davis will recover.

Jacob Wessner of Marion, O., was killed by a fall from a train at Sandusky, Ohio.

⁂

The salary of the Archbishop of Canterbery is $75,000 a year.

Reports from San Antonio, Tex., are that Congressman Wilson is rapidly regaining his health on Ben Cable's ranch. He occupies much time in horseback riding.

On March 28 the birthday of General Isaac I. Stevens, the first governor of Washington territory, was generally observed throughout the state.

A barn belonging to George Rhodes, a farmer living eight miles south of Sedalia, Mo., was burned and eighteen horses and mules were cremated.

Mrs. Rachel Hart of Davenport, Ia., was fatally injured by a runaway horse at Clinton, Ia.

Willie Swails, 6 years old, was run over and killed at Lebanon, Ind., by a runaway team.

Two children of Mr. and Mrs. Clark of Glade Springs, Va., were burned to death while the parents were away.

The concentrating plant and hoisting works of the Horn silver mine at Frisco, Utah, have been destroyed by fire. The loss is $100,000.

⁂

The grand jury at Virginia, Ills., has indicted William Morrisey for the murder of Mrs. Lizzie Church at Beardstown March 19.

Five burglars made an unsuccessful attempt to blow open a safe at the Reinhart mill in Freeburg, Ill. The night watchman was gagged and beaten into unconsciousness.

The Chicago and Northwestern passenger train near Lake Benton, Minn., ran off the track, killing Engineer Ed Frary. The first cars were badly wrecked, but no other person on the train was hurt.

A memorial window to "Stonewall" Jackson is to be placed in the Presbyterian church at Lexington, Va., of which he was a member.

Catherine Vogel of Wayland, Ia., walked on a railroad bridge at Mason City, Ia. Death resulted from her injuries.

The Democratic convention in the Thirteenth Indiana congressional district will be held at Plymouth, June 26.

Confederate Decoration day was generally observed in the south.

A Perfect Cure

Mr. Joel H. Austin is a man very highly esteemed by all who know him. He is now pension attorney at Goshen, Ind., and was for 20 years a Baptist missionary minister. He says: "I suffered years with swelling of my limbs, at times very painful, especially at night. I could not sleep. I have taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and for weeks there has not been any swelling of my feet and limbs. I have also suffered for years with catarrh in the head, which was working down into my

Elder J. H. Austin

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

lungs. Since trying Hood's Sarsaparilla the pain in my head has stopped and I am positive of a perfect cure." Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 14, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts—[illegible]

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Russell's Comedians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Hoss and Hoss."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"Juggernaut."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Darkest Russia."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—John T. Kelly.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—"A Summer Blizzard."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Halsted street, Between Madison and Monroe.—"The Ivy Leaf."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

REDMOND'S INDEPENDENT POLICY.

Perseverence generally wins, especially when seconded by undoubted ability. John E. Redmond, leader of the Parnellite party in Great Britain and Ireland, is a man of courage and resources. He has grown immensely as a popular leader within the space of a few years. Enemies have charged him with insincerity and overweening ambition, but the man who defied the prejudices of his native Wexford constituency, and who dared issue with the powerful Michael Davitt in Waterford, can hardly be successfully accused of insincerity. His ambition is a laudable one, and his programme of independent action is the only one that can satisfy the mind of Ireland and meet the necessities of the existing situation.

The Whigs are rotten to the core. Rosebery is a smooth, artful representative of the Whiggish school in British politics, and is not to be trusted. The shadow of Dublin Castle—that repository of crimes against Ireland—is black on the soul of John Morley. He cannot escape from his infamous surroundings. THE CITIZEN feels kindly toward Mr. Morley personally, but, politically, it cannot refrain from saying that he has exhibited a disappointing weakness in Ireland and has fallen by the wayside. He is almost as hopeless a political wreck as "Buckshot" Forster became before he left that country. This is pitiable, because Mr. Morley had a great opportunity, and, prompted by all the fiends of traditional Castleism, he threw it away and surrendered his convictions to the police and spy aristocracy of the Irish Bastile. Mr. Morley began his reign with a friendly Ireland, ready to greet the new regime with simple-hearted enthusiasm. Yet, alas, before many months went by, the Crowbar brigade was abroad in the land, and Mr. Morley's peelers were actively aiding the sheriffs' posses in the eviction of the people. Men—honest and pure minded men—who sought to stand between the people and destruction, as on the De Freyne estate, were arrested and prosecuted. No step has been taken to relieve the evicted tenants, and the unhappy Irish political prisoners still fester in the chains of English prisons. If Balfour did any worse in Ireland, we have no knowledge of it. At the same time, we frankly own that Morley is a much nobler character than Balfour, and on that account, as well as for the sake of Ireland, we regret his ignominious fall from grace.

The so-called McCarthyite "wing" of the Irish party is so hopelessly divided within itself as to be almost hors de combat in the house of commons. It obeys the lash of the Liberal whip, and seems to be in fair way to become a second edition of the Brass Band of 1852. The men of spirit, who still adhere to it, are beginning to see its drift, and we are not surprised to learn that some of them are manifesting approval of the policy outlined by Mr. Redmond.

Dublin and most of the great Irish cities are intensely National, because they are much more enlightened than the rural communities. No really intelligent Irishman, even while professing himself a species of loyalist, has, at bottom, much faith in England or her promises. How could he have? England has been the fruitful mother of "frauds and mockeries, tricks and perjuries," during all her connection with Ireland, and Protestant, as well as Catholic, Irishmen have felt the blighting effect of her laws and policy on Irish commerce and industries. It is not love of England so much as dread of Catholic ascendency that keeps so large a proportion of the Protestants of Ireland "loyal" to the imperial system, as at present established. The Redmondites have shown thorough independence of church influences in politics before and since the death of their idol, Charles Stewart Parnell. The Protestants of Ireland don't dread them as they do the McCarthyite element, who have shown a vicious subserviency when churchmen of eminence so far forgot their sacred mission as to meddle in politics at the polls and elsewhere. Therefore, the Redmondite policy is taking a strong hold on the heart of Ireland, and it only needs the accession to its platform of a few of the more advanced and independent McCarthyites to make it a power in the land, which knavish Whig and savage Tory may alike feel to their cost.

Gladstone's political career has terminated, in all human probability, as completely as Napoleon's after Waterloo. His setting sun is going down in a bank of stormy clouds, and its parting rays leave behind them small promise of a cheerful morrow, as far as Ireland is concerned. Gladstone's resignation, in the moment of danger, was the anticlimax of his grand career. Old age has driven the iron of political adversity deep into his soul, there to rust and corrode. It is his punishment for an altogether too late awakening to a sense of humanity and justice. Ireland has some lingering respect for the ill-starred old statesman. It can have nothing but distrust of his successor. Therefore, Redmond and his independent policy, plucked from the grave of the ill treated Parnell, will yet mightily prevail in Ireland, especially as Mr. Redmond is wise enough to confess the obligations the Irish cause is under to the men of "extreme views," whose seeming rashness is the philosophy of revolution, whether moral or physical.

THE SLING OF DAVID.

The partisan Democratic papers are simply furious over Senator D. B. Hill's denunciation of the income tax "rider" which bestraddles the Wilson bill. Yet the same class of papers dubbed the internal revenue of the war period the "infernal" revenue. Dave Hill may be politically dislocated, in the eyes of the Democratic surgeons, but he has a happy knack of telling the truth. The utter failure of the Democratic administration and congress to properly govern the country, from even a business standpoint, is so apparent, that none but a party fanatic would seek to deny it. Senator Hill is not the only eminent Democrat who has made the admission. The New York *Sun* is in the same boat, and nobody doubts Mr. Dana's democratism. Grover Cleveland, who made a respectable record during his first term, is a flat failure in his second. He has not done a single thing worthy of his previous reputation from March 4, 1893, up to the present hour. THE CITIZEN has no desire to belittle Mr. Cleveland, and it confesses its astonishment at his inexplicable mental collapse. The chiefs of his cabinet also seem to be addled. Carlisle has been a failure as secretary of the treasury. Hoke Smith has not made himself any fame as secretary of the interior, and his attitude on the pension claims has added to the unpopularity of the administration. Gresham, who made a respectable judge, is a miserable diplomat—that is, if he is a free agent. Between Cleveland and Gresham the state department of this country has been made the butt of Europe. It is no wonder that Senator Hill, as a Democrat, feels mortified and says so. Here is what Mr. Hill had to say in his Senate speech on the income tax clause of the Wilson bill:

"In fact, I am here to declare my belief that the complete substitution of internal, direct, or income taxes for tariff taxes would prove utterly ruinous to the business interests of this country under existing conditions abroad. A partial substitution at this time would be proportionately disastrous. The bill proposes a suicidal policy in which it seeks by its extreme provisions to discard numerous reasonable tariff duties and thereby imperil many industries and create a deficiency in necessary revenues simply for the purpose of affording an opportunity or excuse, for the substitution of an income tax. There is an ample field for genuine tariff reform without a resort to such an unwise and dangerous experiment. Reductions in existing rates, reasonable and necessary reductions, are perfectly feasible, such as will not create any further deficiency nor jeopardize a single industry.

"The substitution of internal or direct taxes for custom house taxation means the reduction of the wages of American workmen to the European standards. It means the degradation of American labor; it means the deprivation to our workmen of the comforts and luxuries of life to which they have been accustomed. Deny it or disguise it as we may, no other result is possible under existing Europeans conditions. It is a self-evident proposition that well-paid labor cannot successfully compete with underpaid labor. In Europe wages are low and labor is degraded; in America wages are high and labor is prosperous, elevated and dignified. The general government being vested with the exclusive power of custom house taxation and the states, being prohibited from resorting to it, the government should exhaust that field before trenching upon others."

Now, we hold that Mr. Hill comes properly within Republican lines, and the best thing he can do is to come over like a man and a brother. A man with such liberal and progressive ideas has no business to be an ally of the Bourbons.

SENATOR PATRICK WALSH.

The appointment by the governor of Georgia of Mr. Patrick Walsh, editor of the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle*, as United States senator, vice Mr. Colquitt, deceased, is a signal honor to that gifted Irish-American, who, although a Democrat, leans strongly toward the American principle of protection to our industries. Mr. Walsh is a very pleasant man personally, and has a host of admirers outside of his particular school of politics. He was born in Ballingary, county Limerick, Ireland, Jan. 1, 1840. In 1848 his father emigrated to America with his family, settling in Charleston, where Patrick was soon apprenticed to the *Evening News* to learn the printer's trade. At the age of 18 he became a journeyman printer, and subsequently pursued his studies in the Charleston High school, earning money for his expenses by setting type at night in the newspaper offices. In 1859 he entered Georgetown College, D. C., where he remained until South Carolina seceded from the Union, when he returned to Charleston and entered the service of the State. In August, 1862, he settled in Augusta, Ga., where he obtained employment on the *Daily Constitutionalist*, working his way to the front, and becoming in 1863 local editor of the paper. He contributed largely to the news and editorial columns, and was active in shaping the journal's policy during the critical period of the war. In 1864 he became associated with L. T. Blome in the publication of the *Pacificator*, a weekly paper with extensive circulation in the South, but without entirely severing his connection with the *Constitutionalist*. In 1866 he was appointed Southern agent of the New York Associated Press, and in 1867 became business manager of the *Chronicle* and *Sentinel*, which, in 1877, was consolidated with the *Constitutionalist*, Messrs. Walsh and Wright continuing sole managers and editors. In 1870-71 Mr. Walsh was elected a member of the city council of Augusta, and in 1872 was sent from Richmond county to the general assembly of Georgia. He was re-elected in 1874 and 1876, and served on many important committees. He was delegate from his county to the State Democratic convention, which nominated General Hancock for president in the same year, and in 1884 was one of the delegates at large to the Chicago convention which nominated Grover Cleveland. He was also for four years the Georgia member of the National Democratic executive committee. He has thoroughly identified himself with the interests of Augusta and is one of the leading journalists of the South.

FATHER HAYES STILL LIVES.

We feel grateful to the Shenandoah (Iowa) *Herald* for having made us aware that our eloquent friend, Father Edmund Hayes, is still among the living. We had thought Father Edmund had gone back to Ireland, or buried himself in a monastery at the least, so long has he been silent. What has chained that fiery tongue all these years? Time was when it sounded forth, both here and in Ireland, like an echo—an heroic echo—of the long-stilled voice of Shawn O'Neill, the Proud. However, Father Edmund has broken "the cold chain of silence," and thus the Shenandoah *Herald* describes the breaking:

"The citizens and press of Davenport, this State, are loud in their praises and admiration of Rev. Father Edmund Hayes, of Imogene, who, in Davenport on St. Patrick's Day, in the mammoth auditorium of the beautiful Sacred Heart Cathedral, by invitation, delivered an eloquent and soul stirring lecture on the "Destiny of Ireland," before an overflowing audience. A man of genius, culture, education and refinement, he brought to the discussion of his subject splendid ability, deep research, and a mastery of Irish history that astonished and captivated his audience. Tall of stature, commanding in presence, fluent in speech, gifted with a memory stored with historical facts and pleasing reminiscences, he marshalled the past in grand review and presented it to the admiration of the living present in a grand panorama of all that is notable and worthy in Irish history and the influence of Irish genius on the progress of mankind and the elevation of the human race. Broad and liberal in his views, he gave free scope to thought and pointed the lessons taught by past history. Grand and sublime as were the achievements of the past, grander, sublimer and further reaching still are the lessons of the present which press themselves on us with a force that cannot be evaded. The destiny of Ireland, like the sun that illumines her green flag with its golden rays of glory, is still upward and onward and linked with the liberation not only of the people of Ireland but of the people of the British Empire and the world at large. From exordium to peroration Father Hayes commanded the attention of his audience, and received a hearty ovation at its finish."

RADICAL VIEW OF HOME RULE.

Reynolds' Newspaper has the following breezy words to say on "Is Home Rule Dead?" It states "that Mr. Gladstone's retirement should be a source of poignant grief to our Irish friends for his devotion to Home Rule has evoked the warm affection of a grateful and impulsive race. Their grief at the event is intensified by their fears of the future and by the distrust—which they make no effort to conceal—of one or two men highly placed in the councils of the Liberal party. It is, therefore, a moment for plain speaking, and they unhesitatingly affirm that it is the duty of the whole Liberal party—and especially of the new premier—to give clear and unmistakable pledges to the Irish representatives that there will be no trifling with this momentous question. The two men who made Home Rule a matter of practical politics—Gladstone and Parnell—are now removed from the scene, and it must be made clear as the sun that Radicalism means principles, not men, that the cause lives, though its champions may pass away. To waver for a moment upon this subject would be to damn the hopes of the Liberal party for a generation, and to involve all concerned in obloquy and shame." It adds that the Liberal party are pledged to the hilt to Home Rule. "We should, therefore, be guilty of infamy and political treason," it says, "of the most unscrupulous character if we were to play our Irish brethren false. Uncompromising Home Rulers we shall remain to the end of the chapter." The new editor of *Reynolds* is a young Irishman, who is married to one of the talented daughters of Thomas Crosbre, editor and proprietor of the Cork *Examiner*.

ROYALTY SENDS ROUND THE HAT.

The ex-queen of Hawaii is going, it seems, to send round the hat, because she cannot wring a cent of pension from the fat paws of Grover Cleveland. She is to exhibit herself on the stage behind the footlights, right in front of pit and gallery, while a very eloquent orator, name unknown, will become her fervid champion, and will plead for her restoration to the Hawaiian throne. Dollar and half-dollar tickets will be sold for this entertainment. There is no one so morbidly anxious as the American man and the American woman to rub his or her skirts against the monarchical purple of even a semi-savage queen.

An enterprising Westerner has hit upon a plan for giving royalties a job. Hitherto kings and queens, who have accidentally lost their situations, have been in a pitiable plight—the great competition in the reigning business making desirable vacancies exceedingly rare. The transfer of royal energy to some more plebeian occupation has not usually been found practicable; firstly because most available commercial or professional callings are held by royalty to be *infra dig*, and further because so few ex-royalties are fitted to compete on these lines with the common herd. We hear it is true of princes, who can build furniture, and princesses who can trim lovely Easter bonnets; but these unusually practical ex-crowned heads seem competent to retain their original positions. Yet these are, alas! very few.

Now this enterprising Westerner has a project, and egad! he's bound to carry it out. It is to establish a caravansery, drawn by elephants, to exhibit in every city and town in the United States the penniless royalties of Europe—Milan, ex-King of Servia, Francis, ex-King of Naples, the Count of Paris, Victor Napoleon, and ex-Empress Isabella of Spain. He would allow them all forty per cent of the profits, and let them divide the pile every night among themselves. In this respectable way they will earn a comfortable competence. They must come here, however, with their broken crowns and their tattered purple. Already this Westerner has agents in Europe to hire the services of these ex-royal persons.

* * *

W. B. YEATS has completed his new Irish drama, in which, as in its predecessors, "The Countess Kathleen," the denizens of the Irish fairy world will play no inconsiderable part. The production will shortly be published and be put on the stage privately in London and Paris. It contains some of the best lyrics which Mr. Yeats has as yet written. Among Irish books that are shortly to appear is a volume of Irish stories for the new Irish Library by Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, a London Irish journalist.

* * *

DR. JAMES JAMESON, the bitterest Tory in the South African Company of British Banditti, has the manhood to confess to denounce the company's soldiers for their brutal treatment of the unfortunate Lobengula, the dethroned King of Matabele land. In his latest message to the press the Doctor states that Lobengula, while being pursued by the implacable Britishers, sent messengers to the Forbes patrol, stating he would surrender, and sending $5,000 in gold to placate the marauders. The messengers met some officers of the English mounted police, to whom they gave the message and the gold. The police pocketed the money and the message. The chase was in the meantime continued. Wilson was killed by the Matabeles, and Lobengula died of the cold and starvation! Dr. Jameson very properly calls these officers the murderers of Forbes and Lobengula. What a miserable stain this is on the escutcheons of these gallant English colonels and captains!

* * *

THE CITIZEN understands that Mr. John Burns would have been given the under secretaryship of the Home office only for his name being mixed up with those who cared to get rid of Mr. Gladstone in favor of Rosebery. Mr. Burns' socialism would not stand in his way, as his tone in reference to public questions has now quite the reserve of the official ring. John, avoid office as you would a pest. It will crush out any honest feelings of democracy in you. Labby would not have half the influence he has as a free lance if he took office.

* * *

THE little old lady of Windsor entertained Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain at a frugal meal last week. She asked the Unionist trio if they could not form a cabinet of their own. "Your Majesty," said Chamberlain, "we could not live politically an hour. We would be swamped by the united vote of the Liberals and the Irish." "Oh, then," said the little old lady of Windsor weepfully, "you have no pity on me, dear gentlemen. These Irish barbarians will be the death of me!" Comment is superfluous.

* * *

T. P. O'CONNOR has met his first Waterloo in the field of journalism. The £50,000 he made out of the *Star*, which he founded, and made such a colossal financial success, has been totally lost in the new and now defunct venture, the *Daily Sun*. T. P. was too sanguine in his anticipations of the *Sun*. He thought, as he triumphed on the *Star*, he should also triumph on the *Sun*, but Dame Fortune has always proved to be a fickle jade. The *Daily Sun* suspended publication last week, while the *Sunday Sun* is tottering wearily along in a sickly condition. Nevertheless, THE CITIZEN offers Mr. O'Connor its heartfelt and sincere sympathy over his losses. We wish him the luck of the phœnix bird, who rose in triumph from the ashes of its expiring hopes.

* * *

THE total amount of Peter's pence, collected for the Pope's Jubilee, in France, is about $150,000. It would have been larger were it not that some of the leading French Royalist nobles boycotted the collection on account of his Holness' professed Republican principles. How mean and contemptible blue-blooded gentry can be at times!

* * *

THE London correspondent of the Cork *Examiner*, a usually truthful and reliable newspaper man, says that he was quite correct in stating that Mr. Gladstone had no intention originally of resigning. He has, he adds, been really driven from office by an intrigue on the part of some political and newspaper friends of Lord Rosebery. The prime minister himself is not accused of intriguing against his former chief. It may be stated generally, that several of the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned as active supporters of the Rosebery premiership have had informal assurances that office would be found for them. Among them were Mr. Majoribanks, the whip of the Liberal party whom Rosebery was instrumental in making a peer, and Mr. Massingham, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.

IN one of the recent volumes of the Irish library Dr. Sigerson advances the theory that the Irish bards were the first in the world to make use of rhyme in poetry. St. Sedalius in A.D. 43, introduced from the Irish the Latin terminal sound—echo or rhyme into Latin verse. Michael, of Kildare, was, he says, the first Irish poet in English verse. The meeting of the blind bard O'Carolan, and the bright-eyed boy Goldsmith typify the coming and going of the old and new, the old nation and the Pale.

* * *

CHIEF OF CRANKS STEAD had no sooner set foot in virtuous and sanctimonious London, than he spewed his putrid bile on Chicago. The *Daily News* gives publicity to his violent onslaught on our city—its aldermen, its law courts and other organs of authority. He added that Americans had more to learn from the Old World than the Old World had to learn from them. "The United States verily appalled me!" he said. No decent paper has a right to publish the vile sputterings of this scurrilous scribe. The Old World is a fossilized, played-out old oddity. A young and exuberant nation like ours marches lustily in the vanguard of modern progress—the ravings of the Anglo-Saxon madman to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * *

THE *Nation* newspaper of Paris publishes an ironical telegram from Monte Carlo, in which it is said that the Prince of Wales won $40,000 at gambling, and donated the money to the poor of that town. What a thorough-going whopper! The son of the penurious Madame Wettin could never be capable of such peerless generosity.

* * *

GENERAL JOUBERT has issued a manifesto to the patriotic burghers of the Transvaal not to forsake their native country for Matabeland, a tract of territory now so cleverly exploited by Millionaire Rhodes. He reminds them that their fathers sacrificed everything to discard the British yoke, and states that the object of that modern Crœsus is to stamp out the Transvaal Republic as a self-governing nation. It may be interesting to note that it was chiefly owing to Alyward, an Irish Fenian, who had been accused of treachery to that organization, and who was shot at on the quays of the Liffey in Dublin, that the Transvaalese were welded into one united army of rebels, and Aylward was thus chiefly instrumental in ridding that country of the curse and blighting influences of British rule. What an injustice the Fenians unwittingly did to this patriotic man! Alyward has since died.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[*United Ireland.*]

The great interest that is now taken in the revival of our native language is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. It is a sign that, notwithstanding the attempt of a certain section in Ireland to preach a political doctrine unworthy of men desirous to be free, a healthy national opinion is still dominant in the land, even among those who take but a secondary interest in politics, which will operate against any and every attempt to fuse the two nations, the greater and the less, into one. The care of the national language is a national duty, and that it is being cared with tender devotion by a section of the people is incontrovertible proof that among those people the national idea is still strong, and the sense of national duty still an abiding force in Irish political life. Heretofore Irish political movements were the main agencies that succeeded in stemming the tide of Anglicization which, bit by bit, has been setting in, but now, at a time when a large political party in Ireland is engaged in a propaganda which cannot but quicken the march of English ideas into the country, it is consoling to find that along with the political party whose watchword is independence of English parties, there is another party non-political in their aims, who are, in their own way, helping to preserve the separate and distinct individuality of the nation. This is the party whose object it is to preserve the national language, and whose efforts, we trust, will go on increasing and succeeding until no Irishman shall be left within the land who does not know something of the old tongue.

In the main, there are two societies now engaged in saving the language from extinction, the Gaelic League and the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. The former is only a short time in existence but, notwithstanding, has already accomplished wonders, not the least striking of its results being the rapid spread of interest in the language since it was founded a few months ago. The work of the latter association, now carried on for a number of years, is best described by saying that as the direct result of it the downward progress of the language had been arrested at a time when political excitement made its fate very uncertain indeed. The report of the society, which has just been published, is very satisfactory, and the statistics that it embodies will be read with pleasure and hope by every person interested in the salvation of the national tongue.

To those who think that Irish schools must be the cradles instead of the graves of the language, and the number is rapidly growing, it will be interesting information to know that last year 379 pupils passed at the last intermediate examination, as compared with 176 the year previous. In national schools the number of passes amounted to 609 as compared with 515 in the year 1892, and with 17 in the year 1882. During the year twelve teachers of national schools obtained certificates in Irish, a small number it must be admitted, but, nevertheless, an important fact as showing that the schools are multiplying in which the language is being taught. With one other statistic we shall pass from the report; but it is one of very great significance. It is the statement that up to the present the society has put into circulation 115,291 elementary books on the study of the native language, and this not including the enormous circulation of the same books in America. Any one acquainted with the great merits of these little books, and the great facilities they offer for the study of the language, will realize what a great work the society is doing. Altogether we are glad to see that the prospects of a revival of the national language are looking bright, and thus one of the dreams of Thomas Davis drawing nearer to realization.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

At an election held in Company F on April 5, Jeremiah J. Sisk was elected captain, Michael E. Cassidy, first lieutenant, and John F. Ryan, second lieutenant. Company F had the best record of attendance of any company in the regiment last month, their percentage being 87½.

The interest taken by the members of the different companies in the gallery practice amply repays the officers for any trouble and expense they may have incurred in securing the target. If the men make as good progress in the next few months as they have done in the last few weeks they will be the first regiment in shooting, and we may expect to see some of the old records broken. Major Carroll is untiring in his efforts to attain this end.

Until further orders the Second Battalion, Companies A, B, D and F will have battalion drill every Thursday night.

The regiment has started to form a drum and bugle corps. There are still a few vacancies for some good men, and any man of good character wishing to join, will get all the information he may require by calling at headquarters, No. 23 Lake street, any evening in the week. There will be no expense attached to it.

The Seventh Infantry will report at Camp Lincoln, Springfield, Ill., on July 24, for their annual instruction.

The Best mutual insurance policy against attacks of sickness is to be found in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you are weak it will make you strong.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box. 25c.

For The Citizen.

IN MEMORIAM.

Louis Kossuth.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Proud harp of the free! wail the patriot departed—
Hymn his praise! let the world with his glory resound,
Whose name thrill'd the nations—the brave, the true-hearted—
His death falls with sadness and sorrow, profound;
Let him sleep in the land of his birth—of his glory—
Where proudly the Magyars to battle he led,
His name all immortal shall kindle in story—
He, who broke kingly shackles,—A patriot is dead!

Calm be his rest! free from turmoil and trial—
Who roused a brave people their fetters to rend,
His name shall gleam bright on fair liberty's dial
And his bays with fame's evergreen garlands shall blend;
All honor'd the hero who headed the legions
Of Hungary's freemen, where war's waves roll'd red—
And the Austrian despot drove back to his regions
Across the dark Danube—A Soldier is dead!

All sacred the spot where the Magyar is sleeping,
All hallow'd each sod on the patriot's grave.
The proud spirits of martyrs their vigils are keeping—
Their bivouac watch—o'er the bier of the brave;
His comrades remember his deathless devotion,
While despots and trators his memory dread
His name shall be echoed from ocean to ocean—
From nation to nation—A Hero is dead!

IRISH NEWS.

On the evening of March 19 a shocking accident occurred at Forrestalstown, about twelve miles from New Ross, a farmer's son named John Williams was engaged, in the kitchen of his father's house, loading a gun, and just as he was about to put it away, having charged it, the weapon exploded and the shot lodged in the body of his sister who was standing close by. The unfortunate young woman died the following morning in great agony.

Rev. John Casey, C.C., has been removed from the parish of Ballyduff to Passage East, in place of Rev. Michael Power, who has been promoted as P. P. of Ballyduff.

One of the largest funerals ever witnessed in Thurles took place on the 18th ult., when the remains of Mr. William Rooney, the second son of Mr. Patrick Rooney, West Gate, Thurles, were borne to his last resting place amid a scene that will long be remembered in Thurles. The deceased being an active and earnest member of the Workman's Club, its members turned out in full strength, marching four deep, headed by the Thurles Charles Stewart Parnell Independent Band, to the solemn strains of the "Dead March in Saul," beautifully rendered. The sad cortege made a circuitous route through the town to Saint Brigid's churchyard, with the Rev. N. Rafferty, administrator, and the Rev. J. Dunne, C.C., leading. On arrival at the burial ground the remains were borne to the grave and laid by his mother's side by friendly hands and the last prayers recited by the reverend clergymen above mentioned.

At the Convent of Mercy, Newtownforbes, county Longford, March 22, Mary Teresa Burke (in religion Sister Mary Camillus Joseph of the Sacred Heart), eldest daughter of Mr. Edward F. Burke, 5 Spencer street, South Circular road, Dublin, made her solemn vows and received the black veil. After the ceremony the parents and friends of the young nun were entertained by the reverend Mother and community at a dejeuner.

Representatives of the Congested Districts Board and the Irish Industries Association paid a visit to the town of Ardara, county Donegal, on the 14th ult., and were welcomed by an enthusiastic and popular demonstration. The object of the visit was the formal opening of the depot for South Donegal at Ardara, and also to make arrangements for building and equipping a finishing mill for the Donegal homespun tweed, now so celebrated, and to generally foster and improve this industry for which they have secured the services of Mr. Daniel Tighe, who for ten years has so successfully managed the industrial work of Mrs. Ernest Hart in Donegal. His long experience and technical knowledge secured him the certificate of the City and Guilds of the London Institute for cloth manufacture, and he is certain to develop this industry, and promote future welfare of the cottage weavers of county Donegal.

Rev. Ambrose McGowan, O.P., died at the Dominican Convent, Pope's quay, Cork, March 22, at the early age of 28. He had been attached to the Pope's quay church for the last three years.

In the pretty little cemetery attached to the Loretto Convent, Wexford, on Tuesday, March 20, was interred Sister Mary Stanislaus O'Connell, daughter of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, manager of the Bank of England, Mallow, and great-granddaughter of the Liberator. The deceased was only in her 26th year, and of that short life seven years were spent in the cloister. Sister Stanislaus was a general favorite with the community. At the solemn high mass and office, which took place for the repose of her soul, the bishop of Ferns presided, and the Rev. N. F. Sheridan was the celebrant of the mass. The chief mourners were Mr. O'Connell, her father, and Dr. Ryan, an uncle, Rathdrum. A number of ladies and gentlemen, friends of the community, were present at the last sad rites.

The farm of Moydow, Glebe, Longford, was sold at auction on the lands for the executors of the late Mr. James McCormack. The farm contains 60 acres statute measure, held in fee, subject to a charge to the Irish land commission of £42 1s 10d per annum for thirty years to come. A great deal of interest was evinced in the sale, and a considerable number attended. After a keen competition the farm was knocked down for £1,200 and auctioneer's commission to Mrs. McCord, Cordiven.

Patrick Leary, Kinsale, left home seven years ago for America. He was found a few months ago in an unconscious condition in New York, and was taken to the hospital. Eventually he was sent home at the expense of the consul. He was brought to his parents in Kinsale completely insensible, and in charge of a sailor belonging to the Pavonia, on which steamer he came across. The poor fellow had taken no food for fifteen days, and was exceedingly weak.

At the last meeting of the Cork Young Ireland Society, Mr. J. McGrath read a paper, entitled "Looking Forward," and dealing in an able manner with the present political situation, and the probable result of Gladstone's resignation and the accession to power of lukewarm, if not false, friends of home rule. The conclusion arrived at by the essayist was that the present home rule policy was as good as dead, because of the recreant attitude of the Whig party, who sacrificed Parnell because they thought Gladstone indispensable, and who now argued that the position of Ireland was greatly strengthened by Gladstone's retirement. —*Independent.*

Mr. S. J. Brown, solicitor, Naas, while out hunting with the Kildare hounds at Tinode, three miles from Blessington, had his leg broken in a peculiar manner. A horse ridden by another gentleman kicked him and broke the leg a short distance above the ankle.

Messrs. William Field, M.P.; Luke P. Hayden, M.P.; Patrick O'Brien, John Fitzgibbon, Patrick Conroy, Dominick Mulligan, Owen Mahon, John Lavin, James Creighton, Edward King, and Martin Roddy, who were on their second trial in Roscommon on charges of unlawful and rionous assembly and forcible entry on the De Freyne estate, preferred against them by the crown in connection with the recent evictions carried out by Lord DeFreyne, were discharged.

A Skibbereen dispatch to the *Independent* on the 22d ult. says the mackerel fishery season for 1894 would open along that coast in a few days, and there is every indication of its being prosecuted again on a most extensive scale. Along the coast line extensive preparations have been going on for weeks back, in order to be ready to proceed to sea at any moment, and nearly all are in readiness to commence operations.

The "Devil's Work" of eviction was in full swing today at Loughglynn, on the estate of Lord Dillon. The village is situated about five miles from Castlerea, and is a kind of dividing mark between the Dillon and De Freyne properties. The police force of the Liberal government left Castlerea about half-past six for the scene of operations. They had, however, to walk to Loughglynn, as no one in Castlerea would accommodate them with cars. They jealously guarded the sub-sheriff, Mr. James, and his emergencymen, as well as the sub-agent, Mr. Jackson. The agent of the estate is Mr. Maurice Hussey, son to Mr. Samuel Murray Hussey, the notorious Kerry land agent, but he did not put in an appearance at all today. In all, about ten families were evicted, eight of the tenants being readmitted as caretakers. It was in connection with the lapsing of the leases that the proceedings were originally taken. The people evicted were comparatively few, but the cases were considered ones of great harshness. Lord Dillon's object is to clear out the entire town, which adjoins his agricultural estate. It is extraordinary that, with Mr. John Morley promising to introduce into parliament a bill to expend a large sum of money on reinstating the evicted tenants, Lord Dillon is permitted to obtain the services of the constabulary to make more victims, for parliamentary reinstatement later on.—*Independent, March 24.*

With great regret we record the death of a clergyman who has been connected with this diocese for over forty years, says the *Waterford News* of March 25, and who both in his capacity as a minister of God and as a private individual earned the respect and esteem of those whose acquaintance in his long career he made. We refer to the death of Father John Dowley, P.P., Dunhill, which took place rather suddenly Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas Chard, of Aran, is the owner of a sheep aged 15 years, which, during that period, has given birth to 23 lambs—ten twins and three single. I may here mention that two splendid mangolds, grown by Mr. Chard, were exhibited in the window of a Galway shopkdeper a short time ago, both weighing 41½ pounds. So much for the limestone soil of Aran.—*Ex.*

The Gaelic League decided some time ago to turn Irish music to account in the movement for the preservation of Irish as a spoken language. The meeting at No. 4 College Green, on Tuesday evening, March 20, was the first attempt made to carry this idea into effect, and the effort was attended with very encouraging results. The chair was occupied by Dr. P. W. Joyce, who is noted for, among many other patriotic labors, his work on behalf of Irish music and the Irish language. Among those present were J. H. Lloyd, Wm. Byrne, John O'Sullivan, Mrs. D'Arcy, Miss D'Arcy, Miss O'Donovan, R. McSharry Gordon, Mrs. Gordon, P. J. Coyle, J. Coghlan, T. O'Neill Russell and many others. The chairman dwelt on the importance of cultivating Irish music, not only in societieis like the Gaelic League, but in each one's home. Those who knew him were aware that in making this recommendation he was not preaching what he did not practice. He was not one of those who were always bewailing the departure of the good old times; but one thing he would say, when he was a lad Irish music was far better known and more cultivated in Ireland than it is today. In that respect he did not think the times had changed for the better. After short addresses in Irish by Messrs. O'Neill, Russell and Gordon, an impromptu series of musical items was gone through, including the following songs, of which the words were given in Irish in every case but one: "Fainne geal an lae" and "Pearla an bhrollaigh bhain," by Mr. Lloyd; "Mo Mhaire," Mr. Hayes; "Is truagh gan peata an mhaoir agam," Mr. Gordon; "The Jug of Punch," the chairman; "Eire na deora," Mr. Burgess; "Ta'n la ag teacht," Mr. Meehan. Mr. N. P. Healy performed an admirable selection of Irish airs on the violin. The pianoforte accompaniment was played by Mr. Constantine Quinn, who also gave a number of Irish airs on the piano very effectively. Mr. O'Sullivan recited a few short pieces of Irish in prose and verse.

RECENT DEATHS—The following death notices appear in our Irish exchanges:

At Curry, Ballina, Maria Louisa, widow of the late Major Walter Butler, and only daughter of the late Col. Jackson, of Carramore, Ballina.

At the residence of her parents, Main street, Castlerea, Agnes, daughter of Patrick and Mary Jane O'Brien.

At the Railway Hotel, Ballinamore, county Leitrim, Mr. Philip M'Gauran, P.L.G.

At his residence, 114 Seville place, Dublin, Alexander Cahill, aged 11 years, son of Alexander and Elizabeth Cahill.

At Ballywaltrim, Bray, county Wicklow, Margaret Kelly, at an advanced age.

At 45 St. Alban's road, Dublin, William McGarry, aged 51 years.

At 2 North Mall Cottages, Cork, Mrs. Sabina Rosborough, wife of Frederick Rosborough, late of Summer Hill, Dublin.

At 3 Fumbally's lane, Dublin, Marianne, wife of Thomas Mitchell.

At his residence, Ballyheshal, Edenderry, King's county, Thomas Lacy.

At her residence, Convent road, Dalkey, Sarah, wife of William Dowd, aged 33 years.

At his residence, Market street, Cootehill, Michael Connolly, merchant, aged 73 years.

At Lislap, Omagh, county Tyrone, William Fleming Black, D. L., aged 76 years.

At her residence, No 50 Mary's lane, Mrs. Mary Doyle, relict of the late Patrick Doyle.

Robert Power, Ballina, March 17, in the 70th year of his age, brother to the late Most Rev. Dr. Pierce Power, bishop of Waterford and Lismore.

At her residence, Esmonde terrace, Fairview, Dublin, Mary, wife of Patrick O'Flanagan.

At his brother's residence, No. 20 St. Alphonsus road, Dublin, Laurence Green, aged 72 years.

Daniel Corrigan, at an advanced age, at his residence, Tramore.

At his residence, Drimnagh, county Dublin, John Kelly, aged 93 years.

At Newton Park, Robert Lennon, at an advanced age.

BRAVE OFFICER M'GARIGLE.

A most gallant act was performed by Officer John McGarigle, of the South Park police force, Wednesday morning. He stopped a runaway horse, with a buggy attached, in full career, at the corner of Thirty-fifth street boulevard and Prairie avenue. Mrs. Pringle was seated in the vehicle, and her death was certain if the brave McGarigle had not exposed his own life to save hers. As it was, he sustained severe, if not dangerous, injuries, and now lies in a precarious condition at his home. A wife and three young children are dependent on him for support. The heroic action of this fearless officer ought to be substantially recognized by the Board of South Park Commissioners.

The Coyote or Barking Wolf.

The scent of the coyote is not nearly so sharp as his eyesight, else how could any sage grouse or broad-bill duck nest in coyote land without being promptly found and eaten? As to game, he kills all kinds of small ground game, young deer and antelope. His specialty, however, is feeding upon dead carcasses of large animals, either wild or tame. This being the case, when on our buffalo-hunt in Montana, in 1886, we got many fine coyotes for our collection by putting around the buffalo carcasses numerous bits of lean meat duly charged with strychnine. The ranchmen and cowboys of the West have slaughtered tens of thousands of coyotes in this way, to protect their young calves and sheep, and also to make money from pelts and bounties.

The barking habit of the coyote is very dog-like, and his old name of Barking Wolf is very appropriate. When collecting mammals in Wyoming, it was a very common thing for us to hear the coyotes around our camp to set up a great barking in chorus at the first sign of daybreak, just when the roosters begin to crow on the farm. It is a wild and uncultivated kind of a bark, ending in a falsetto howl, and resembles the cry of the jackal of India more nearly than any other sound I ever heard.

But Sir Coyote is cute. He knows exactly the distance that constitutes fair rifle-range, and he knows just as well whether the stranger is armed as does the stranger himself. When hunting in the Shoshone Mountains in 1889, I wanted to kill a coyote for a special purpose, but never once succeeded in getting a fair shot, even at 200 yards. For ten days we banged away industriously at every one we saw, but never touched a hair. Finally, at Corbett's ranch, I left the expedition, and started north by stage, leaving behind me rifle, revolver, knife and even scissors. Just two hours after I had said good-bye to my shooting-irons, and taken the buckboard "stage," we saw a coyote ahead of us, close to the trail. Seeing us coming, he selected a soft spot, sat down within thirty yards of the trail and waited for us.

We drove up, stopped as we got opposite him and still he did not run. That villain sat there coolly and looked us over without moving a muscle, but with a leer that plainly said, "Now, don't you wish you had your old gun?" When we got through making faces at him, and wishing for a gun, a revolver, or even a common stone to fire at him, we drove on; and then he got up and went on hunting for jackrabbits. To this day I have been puzzling over the question, "How did that gray rascal find out so quickly that both the driver and I were totally unarmed?" That he did know it perfectly well I have no doubt whatever, for no coyote ever waited like that for a man with a gun.—*W. T. Hornaday, in April St. Nicholas.*

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riffi.

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Annsin do labhair Lom, agus is é dubhairt:

"Suidhidh, a Fhianna Eirionn, agus gurb' é fuirnin bhur m-beatha agus bhur sláinte; agus ná gabhadh gráin nó uamhan sibh anns an mhnaoi úd, óir si mo bhean féin í, agus d' innis me a tuarasgbháil roimhe seo dhibh."

Do shuidheadar annsin go soilbhir, socair, agus a dubhairt Lom;

"Eirigh, a óig-rioghain, agus dáil deoch do na mathaibh so ó Eirinn."

D'éirigh an inghean go h-aimhleisgeamhail, óir ba thruagh léi an bhuidhean áluinn armghleusta sin do mhilleadh agus do bhuan-mharbhadh gan cath gan cómhlann.

Achd cheana, do b'éigion di an chorn clochbhán do thabhairt léithe. Agus do thug do Gholl air d-tús é, agus, d'ibh deoch as; agus dar leis féin, nior bhlais biadh no deoch riamh ba mhilse ná an deoch sin.

Do thug an corn d'Osgar, agus d'ibhios as, agus do bheir do Dhiarmuid é agus ibhios deoch as, agus iad uile mar an g-céadna ó shoin amach.

Is é thárla dhóibh air ól na dighe do'n bh-fear déigheanach: do thuiteadar a sleaghadh agus a n-arma as a lámhaibh, agus go n-deachaidh a neart agus a lúth agus a lán-chalmacht air dearmad uatha, agus gur chlaonaigh mire gach aon aca go rabhadar a bh-fearthainn aluis fola tre ainbhfainne na buidhne curadh so, ná'r ghabh gráin no eagla no uamhan roimh neart sluadh no sochraide riamh, ionnus ná n-aithneóchadh cara no námhad, compánach no duine d'á bh-feacaidh riamh iad, air olcas a g-crotha agus a n-gnéithe agus air m-beith 'san riocht sin dóibh.

D'éirighe an Phiast anaithnidh, an dúil diabhluidhe, an t-athach úrghrána, agus do mbuidhte gean a gháire agus a dúbhairt:

"A Fhianna Eirionn, cionas a thaithnios libh an riochd sin a bh-fuil sibh anois? Oir is mór m'fhioch agus m'folltanas libh, óir is é Goll Mac Móirne do mharbh m'athair agus mo dhis dearbhráthar. Is é Osgar Mac Oisin do mharbh dearbhrathair m'athar, .i. Crom na Carraige air Mhagh Cosgair: agus is é Diarmuid O'Duibhne do mharbh athair agus dearbhrathair rígh na criche seo, .i. Rígh an Oileáin Doilbhthe: agus ni h-é sin amháin, is iomdha dioghbháil, ár agus easbhadh thug Fianna Eirionn fá na criochaibh seo riamh, agus atá suil agamsa sin do dhioghailt orra go maith. Oir meallfad Fionn agus Fianna Eirionn liom amhail do mheallas sibhse. Oir do bhi me a bh-friothraibh ifrinn ó do bhi me a g-cionn mo sheachd m-bliadhain ag fóghluim glicouis agus gintleachta, agus is cumasach me thar dhaoinibh an domhain le'm cheárdaibh draoigheachta agus diabhluigheachta, agus bhainfidh bhur g-cinn dibhse annsan áit ann a bh-fuil sibh, achd muna m-béidheadh go g-caithfidh rígh na criche seo aon neach budh bh-feallchosgairt do bheith aige féin a márach. Oir is amhluidh a déanfar libh, bhur g-cinn do bhuaint dibh air d-tús agus a g-cur a n-áirde air chuaillibh fada, fionna, caola, agus 'nna dhiaigh sin déanfar mionroinne beaga buan-reubtha d' bhur g-corpaibh, agus bhéarfar 'nna dhiaigh sin do madraibh na criche agus do bhur g-connaibh féin sibh le n-ithe."

"Dar mo chúisiomh," ar Goll, "ni minic do bheathuighmar féin ár g-coin no ár n-gadhair le feoil daonna."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

"FROM SHADOW TO SUN."

I learn, as the years roll onward
And leave the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow
But proves that the fates are kind;
That many a flower I longed for
Had a hidden thorn of pain;
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds but cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often from wrong's own darkness
Comes the very strength of right.

The sweetest rest is at even,
After the wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
Has been borne from our hearts away,
And those who have never known sorrow
Cannot know the infinite peace
That falls on the troubled spirit
When it sees, at last, release.

We must live through the weary winter
If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must lie buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom;
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial
Gains the purest joy of all,
And from lips that have tasted sadness,
The sweetest songs will fall.
For as peace comes after suffering,
And love is reward for pain,
So, after earth, is heaven—
And out of our loss the gain.

—*Agnes L. Pratt.*

AN ANECDOTE OF O'CONNELL.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, March 31.—My attention having been called to an article in THE CITIZEN some time since entitled "Reminiscences of O'Connell," in which my grandfather figures, recalls to my recollection another anecdote I happened across several years ago in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was in substance as follows: It appears Dan and my grandfather, whose estates adjoined (Derrynane Abbey and Derryquin Castle) were life-long friends, and it happened that after staying at Derryquin with Mr. Bland, as was his custom when passing to or from Derrynane, he was on his way to Kenmare, where he delivered one of his most famous speeches from the hotel window, where his face was so familiar, berating landlords in general, and using every invective in his voluminous vocabulary to denounce their iniquitous cruelty, and naming Mr. Bland among them.

It was well known that my grandfather was not alone the kindest and most indulgent of resident landlords, but there never was known to be an eviction on the estate, and when he saw O'Connell's speech published at full length in a local journal he naturally felt annoyed that O'Connell should pitch upon him above all others, after having just accepted his hospitality, and accordingly some days after when O'Connell drove up to Derryquin, Mr. Bland took him to task, but he was easily overmatched by the ever versatile Dan, whose repartee never failed him, and when Mr. Bland asked Dan what he meant by singling him out, Dan told him with perfect coolness, that he knew he was the safest man he could pitch upon, as no one would believe it, whereupon Mr. Bland said, "You know, Dan, give a lie a day's start and you never can overtake it. "True," said O'Connell, "but it never had a start, for Herbert, of Muckross, strangled it," meaning thereby that Herbert the same day made a speech in the landlord interest, in which Mr. Bland's name was quoted as what a model Irish landlord should be.

Mr. Bland at once acknowledged his defeat, shook hands with the great Liberator, the breach was immediately healed, and O'Connell and Mr. Bland were firm friends through their whole life. Truly yours, A. J. BLAND.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

Before the adjournment of the Republican meeting held at the Grand Pacific Hotel Wednesday it passed by a unanimous rising vote, the following:

Resolved, That all nominees for the next State Legislature, and the Republican party in its platform be pledged to ask the State of Illinois, to accept the Lincoln monument at Springfield, from the association now having it in charge, to complete it and put it in perfect repair, provide a suitable custodian for it and keep access to it, free and open to the America people forever.

It is intended to ask the Democratic party and all others to take similar action.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

A prayer that belonged originally to the old Irish Christians, that was taken to Scotland in the ages of faith, and that is still in use in the Catholic valley of Strathglass, being recited by the faithful Highlanders when about to receive holy communion, was taken down from the lips of a child there only a short time ago, is as follows:

URNUIGHE NA SACRAIMIDE.

'Nad choinne theid mi, ghraidh,
A Dhe nan gras, a Dhe nan iochd
A Dhe nam feart, 's a Dhe an aigh,
As leth Chriosta deun rium baigh,
A 's na dealaich rium gu brath!
Dia do bheatha, a chuirp Chriosta!
Dia do bheatha, O Ri nam feart!
Dia do bheatha, a Dhiadhachd Naomh!
Dia do bheatha, a Dhaonnachd cheart!
Dia do bheatha, a fhuil's a fheoil!
Dia do bheatha, a phoir nan gras!
O na thoilich thu tighiun,
Fo sgeimh ar in, a Chuirp shlain,
Leighis m' anam o gach olc
Go mblaisim ort gun bheud, gun lochd
Anois 's air uair mo bhais.
A Thrionaid Naomh, gan deireadh gan tus
Na biodh t' fhearg rium nios mo
Bath m' uile am fuil do ghras
A Dhia dhuine, failte dhuit.

The translation, which we owe to one of the most distinguished of our Irish scholars, runs as follows:

PRAYER OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT

My love, I go before Thy face,
God of Mercy, God of grace,
God of might, and God of power,
Hear me, for Christ's sake, this hour!
Hold me fast in Thy embrace.
Hail! Body of Christ,
Hail! Woudrous King,
Hail! Sacred Divinity,
Hail! True Humanity,
Hail! Flesh and Blood,
Hail! Source of Graces.
Since to come it pleases Thee
In form of bread, O Christ! to me,
That I may not eat in vain,
Cleanse my soul from every stain,
May it at death and now be free.
O Sacred Trinity! without beginning or end,
No more may Thy wrath on me descend;
Bathe my soul in Christ's precious Blood.
Hail to Thee! both Man and God!

This resembles in some respects the famous prayer of St. Ignatius on the same subject.—*Waterford Citizen.*

LITERARY.

Home and Country.

Home and Country for April (Easter number) contains: A Lesson in Art, an Eastern Comedy, by Horace Penfield; The Man with a Gold Mine, by S. Jesse Block; The Last Piece of Bread, by Josiah Burnett; Santa Virgine Assunta, an Eastern Story of Palermo, by A. Mapleston Barnes; Railroad Depredations, by Edwin F. Droop; Exterminating the Buffalo, by Nathaniel Estes; Benny the Clown, a Sketch of Circus Life, by Benj. Leatherwood; The Kisses He Had Lost, by J. L. Wallace; The Sheik's Daughter, an Adventure in an Algerian Tiger Hunt, by Gen. Vladimir Alexandrovitsch Butulin; Belgium's Cat Artist, Mrs. Henriette Bonner, by B. F. Brittain; "In the Soup," We've All Been There, by William Delaney; The Development of Pottery, by Albert Winstead; An Encounter with Scottish Smugglers, an Adventure in the Life of Robert Burns; and The Good Mother, a Fairy Tale, by Lina Swonger, comprise the articles in educational and lighter vein prose, many of them being excellently illustrated.

Do Your Best, by Helen Hunt; A Parlor Comedy, an Incident in Every Life History, by Elizabeth C. Cardozo; Relics, by George Everett; Nature's Easter Tide, by Joel Benton; and Her Boy, by Marguerite Mitchell, are among the poetical contributions in this number. Published by Joseph W. Kay, at No. 53 East Tenth street, New York. $2.50 a year; 25 cents a month.

Dropping From the Clouds.

Robert V. V. Sewell, in the Artists' Adventures Series in the *Century* for April, describes his first and last balloon ascension. It was in 1886, when Mr. Sewell was a student at the Academie Julian, that he made his venture, taking advantage of a [illegible] ascension. When the artist and the aeronaut entered the basket the ropes were cast off! We did not rise, and being informed that we must leave behind either a sand bag or my overcoat, I heroically sacrified the latter. Standing in the basket I tossed it to a friend, when, presto! he as well as the rest of the world sank out of sight. At that moment I sat down. I can still recall the howl of derision and delight which greeted this commonplace act. The cries of the spectators were succeeded by a most profound silence, broken only by the fearsome creaking of the willow basket, as my companion leaned from side to side. I was soon aware of another sound, to which my ears seemed slowly to become attuned—the low, muffled roar of the great city, which produced a continued note almost as pure as a musical tone, but lower in pitch than any note of the musical scale. The barometer soon showed an elevation of half a mile, and, looking over the side of the car (I was still seated on the floor) I saw the whole of Paris pass beneath me—the public buildings, the Madeleine with its bright copper-green roof, the toy Cathedral of Notre Dame on its little island. The distance was so great that all giddiness was gone, and the roar of the city was hushed. Throwing out much of our store of sand, we rose into great cumulus clouds. The barometer indicated a height of two miles; the air had the pure but thin feeling of an Alpine mountain-top. There was no sight, no noise, save the patter of the feet of two pigeons on the summit of the balloon. They had refused to leave us, and, after hovering like land-birds about a ship, had settled on our rigging.

In the utter silence of these heights the novice, awed by the sublimity of the situation, has no thought of danger. The vast, sightless, silent void in which the bubble hung self-poised impressed the mind with a sense, not of violence, but of calm. Yet danger there was, and that most imminent. Anxiously scanning the barometer, my companion announced that we were falling. Seizing a bag of tissue papers, he threw a handful from the car. Instantly they disappeared, but above us. We were rushing down to the city at an angle of about forty-five degreee. Now the two pigeons left the balloon, and even this slight diminution of weight gave us a short respite. As we approached the earth we struck the ground breeze, which we saw would carry us nearly the entire length of the city. Quickly divesting ourselves of our coats and waistcoats, we took a rapid inventory of the small remainder of ballast, with a view to keeping the air-ship afloat as long as possible.

To a novice who has ever gone down a toboggan slide the horror of that rush over the spires and chimneys of the great city may be dimly shown if he can imagine his sensations increased a thousandfold. Collision with a building meant almost sure death, while the speed was so great that landing in a boulevard was an impossibility. The roar of one street as it grew less distinct was quickly followed by the roar of the next, as the excited and interested Parisians watched our flight. Several times we avoided collision only by throwing out a coat, basket or bottle, the balloon each time taking a slight bound, and clearing the obstacle.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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THISTLEDOWN.

Set loose from [illegible] churlish hand,
All day the [illegible]
White voyager [illegible]'s land,
To ports with [illegible]
—Lizette W. Reese in [illegible] Home Journal.

IN THE ORCHARD.

It was a charmingly mild and balmy day. The sun shone beyond the orchard, and the shade was cool inside. A light breeze stirred the boughs of the old apple tree under which the philosopher sat. None of these things did the philosopher notice, unless it might be when the wind blew about the leaves of the large volume on his knees and he had to find his place again. Then he would exclaim against the wind, shuffle the leaves till he got the right page and settle to his reading. The book was a treatise on optology. It was written by another philosopher, a friend of this philosopher. It bristled with fallacies, and this philosopher was discovering them all and noting them on the flyleaf at the end. He was not going to review the book, as some might have thought from his behavior, or even to answer it in a work of his own. It was just that he found a pleasure in stripping any poor fallacy naked and crucifying it.

Presently a girl in a white frock came into the orchard. She picked up an apple, bit it and found it ripe. Holding it in her hand, she walked up to where the philosopher sat and looked at him. He did not stir. She took a bite out of the apple, munched it and swallowed it. The philosopher crucified a fallacy on the flyleaf. The girl flung the apple away.

"Mr. Jerningham," said she, "are you very busy?"

The philosopher, pencil in hand, looked up.

"No, Miss May," said he, "not very."

"Because I want your opinion."

"In one moment," said the philosopher apologetically.

He turned back to the flyleaf and began to nail the last fallacy a little tighter to the cross. The girl regarded him first with amused impatience, then with a vexed frown, finally with a wistful regret. He was so very old for his age, she thought. He could not be much beyond 30. His hair was thick and full of waves, his eyes bright and clear, his complexion not yet divested of all youth's relics.

"Now, Miss May, I'm at your service," said the philosopher, with a lingering look at his impaled fallacy. And he closed the book, keeping it, however, on his knee.

The girl sat down just opposite to him.

"It's a very important thing I want to ask you," she began, tugging at a tuft of grass, "and it's very—difficult, and you mustn't tell any one I asked you—at least, I'd rather you didn't."

"I shall not speak of it—indeed I shall probably not remember it," said the philosopher.

"And you mustn't look at me, please, while I'm asking you."

"I don't think I was looking at you, but if I was I beg your pardon," said the philosopher apologetically.

She pulled the tuft of grass right out of the ground and flung it from her with all her force.

"Suppose a man"—she began. "No, that's not right."

"You can take any hypothesis you please," observed the philosopher, "but you must verify it afterward, of course."

"Oh, do let me go on! Suppose a girl, Mr. Jerningham—I wish you wouldn't nod."

"It was only to show that I followed you."

"Oh, of course you 'follow me,' as you call it. Suppose a girl had two lovers—you're nodding again!—or I ought to say suppose there were two men who might be in love with a girl."

"Only two?" asked the philosopher. "You see, any number of men might be in love with"——

"Oh, we can leave the rest out," said Miss May, with a sudden dimple—"they don't matter."

"Very well," said the philosopher, "if they are irrelevant, we will put them aside."

"Suppose, then, that one of these men was, oh, awfully in love with the girl and—and proposed, you know"——

"A moment!" said the philosopher, opening a notebook. "Let me take down his proposition. What was it?"

"Why, proposed to her—asked her to marry him," said the girl, with a stare.

"Dear me, how stupid of me! I forgot that special use of the word. Yes?"

"The girl likes him pretty well, and her people approve of him and all that, you know."

"That simplifies the problem," said the philosopher, nodding again.

"But she's not in—in love with him, you know. She doesn't really care for him—much. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. It is a most natural state of mind."

"Well, then, suppose that there's another man—what are you writing?"

"I only put down (B)—like that," pleaded the philosopher, meekly exhibiting his notebook.

She looked at him in a sort of helpless exasperation, with just a smile somewhere in the background of it.

"Oh, you really are"—she exclaimed. "But let me go on. The other man is a friend of the girl's. He's very clever—oh, fearfully clever, and he's rather handsome. You needn't put that down."

"It is certainly not very material," admitted the philosopher, and he crossed out "handsome." "Clever" he left.

"And the girl is most awfully—she admires him tremendously. She thinks him just the greatest man that ever lived, you know, and she—she"— The girl paused.

"I'm following," said the philosopher, with pencil poised.

"She'd think it better than the whole world if—if she could be anything to him, you know."

"You mean become his wife?"

"Well, of course I do—at least, I suppose I do."

"You spoke rather vaguely, you know."

The girl cast one glance at the philosopher as she replied:

"Well, yes, I did mean become his wife."

"Yes. Well?"

"But," continued the girl, starting on another tuft of grass, "he doesn't think much about those things. He likes her—I think he likes her"——

"Well, doesn't dislike her?" suggested the philosopher. "Shall we call him indifferent?"

"I don't know. Yes, rather indifferent. I don't think he thinks about it, you know. But she—she's pretty—you needn't put that down."

"I was not about to do so," observed the philosopher.

"She thinks life with him would be just heaven, and—and she thinks she would make him awfully happy. She would—would be so proud of him, you see."

"I see. Yes?"

"And—I don't know how to put it quite—she thinks that if he ever thought about it at all he might care for her, because he doesn't care for anybody else and she's pretty"——

"You said that before."

"Oh, dear, I dare say I did! And most men care for somebody, don't they—some girl, I mean?"

"Most men, no doubt," conceded the philosopher.

"Well, then, what ought she to do? It's not a real thing, you know, Mr. Jerningham. It's in—in a novel I was reading." She said this hastily and blushed as she spoke.

"Dear me, and it's quite an interesting case! Yes, I see. The question is, Will she act most wisely in accepting the offer of the man who loves her exceedingly, but for whom she entertains only a moderate affection"——

"Yes, just a liking. He's just a friend."

"Exactly. Or in marrying the other whom she loves ex"——

"That's not it. How can she marry him? He hasn't—he hasn't asked her."

"True. I forgot. Let us assume, though, for the moment that he has asked her. She would then have to consider which marriage would probably be productive of the greater sum total of"——

"Oh, but you needn't consider that."

"But it seems the best logical order. We can afterward make allowance for the element of uncertainty caused by"—

"Oh, no. I don't want it like that. I know perfectly well which she'd do if he—the other man, you know—asked her."

"You apprehend that"——

"Never mind what 'I apprehend.' Take it just as I told you."

"Very good. A has asked her hand, B has not."

"Yes."

"May I take it that but for the disturbing influence of B A would be a satisfactory—er—candidate?"

"Ye-es. I think so."

"She therefore enjoys a certainty of considerable happiness if she marries A?"

"Ye-es. Not perfect because of—B, you know."

"Quite so, quite so, but still a fair amount of happiness. Is it not so?"

"I don't—well, perhaps."

"On the other hand, if B did ask her, we are to postulate a higher degree of happiness for her?"

"Yes, please, Mr. Jerningham—much higher."

"For both of them?"

"For her—never mind him."

"Very well. That again simplifies the problem. But his asking her is a contingency only?"

"Yes, that's all."

The philosopher spread out his hands.

"My dear young lady," he said, "it becomes a question of degree. How probable or improbable is it?"

"I don't know. Not very probable—unless"——

"Well?"

"Unless he did happen to notice, you know."

"Ah, yes, we supposed that if he thought of it he would probably take the desired step—at least, that he might be led to do so. Could she not—er—indicate her preference?"

"She might try—no, she couldn't do much. You see, he—he doesn't think about such things."

"I understand precisely, and it seems to me, Miss May, that in that very fact we find our solution."

"Do we?" she asked.

"I think so. He has evidently no natural inclination toward her—perhaps not toward marriage at all. Any feeling aroused in him would be necessarily shallow, and in a measure artificial, and in all likelihood purely temporary. Moreover, if she took steps to arouse his attention, one of two things would be likely to happen. Are you following me?"

"Yes, Mr. Jerningham."

"Either he would be repelled by her overtures, which you must admit is not improbable, and then the position would be unpleasant and even degrading for her, or, on the other hand, he might, through a misplaced feeling of gallantry"——

"Through what?"

"Through a mistaken idea of politeness or a mistaken view of what was kind allow himself to be drawn into a connection for which he had no genuine liking. You agree with me that one or the other of these things would be likely?"

"Yes, I suppose they would, unless he did come to care for her."

"Ah, you return to that hypothesis! I think it's an extremely fanciful one. No, she needn't marry A, but she must let B alone."

The philosopher closed his book, took off his glasses, wiped them, replaced them and leaned back against the trunk of the apple tree. The girl picked a dandelion in pieces. After a long pause she asked:

"You think B's feelings wouldn't be at all likely to—to change?"

"That depends on the sort of man he is. But if he is an able man, with intellectual interests which engross him, a man who has chosen his path in life, a man to whom women's society is not a necessity"——

"He's just like that," said the girl. And she bit the head off a daisy.

"Then," said the philosopher, "I see not the least reason for supposing that his feelings will change."

"And would you advise her to marry the other—A?"

"Well, on the whole, I should. A is a good fellow—I think we made A a good fellow—he is a suitable match, his love for her is true and genuine"——

"It's tremendous!"

"Yes—and—er—extreme. She likes him. There is every reason to hope that her liking will develop into a sufficiently deep and stable affection. She will get rid of her folly about B and make A a good wife. Yes, Miss May, if I were the author of your novel, I should make her marry A, and I should call that a happy ending."

A silence followed. It was broken by the philosopher.

"Is that all you wanted my opinion about, Miss May?" he asked, with his finger between the leaves of the treatise on ontology.

"Yes, I think so. I hope I haven't bored you?"

"I've enjoyed the discussion extremely. I had no idea that novels raised points of such psychological interest. I must find time to read one."

The girl had shifted her position till instead of her full face her profile was turned toward him. Looking away toward the paddock that lay brilliant in sunshine on the skirts of the apple orchard, she asked in low, slow tones, twisting her hands in her lap:

"Don't you think that perhaps if B found out afterward—when she had married A, you know—that she had cared for him so very, very much he might be a little sorry?"

"If he were a gentleman, he would regret it deeply."

"I mean—sorry on his own account, that—that he had thrown away all that, you know?"

The professor looked meditative.

"I think," he pronounced, "that it is very possible he would. I can well imagine it."

"He might never find anybody to love him like that again," she said, gazing on the gleaming paddock.

"He probably would not," agreed the philosopher.

"And—and most people like being loved, don't they?"

"To crave for love is an almost universal instinct, Miss May."

"Yes, almost," she said, with a dreary little smile. "You see, he'll get old and—and have no one to look after him."

"He will."

"And no home."

"Well, in a sense, none," corrected the philosopher, smiling. "But really you'll frighten me. I'm a bachelor myself, you know, Miss May."

"Yes," she whispered just audibly.

"And all your terrors are before me."

"Well, unless"——

"Oh, we needn't have that 'unless,'" laughed the philosopher cheerfully. "There's no 'unless' about it, Miss May."

The girl jumped to her feet. For an instant she looked at the philosopher. She opened her lips as if to speak, and at the thought of what lay at her tongue's tip her face grew red. But the philosopher was gazing past her, and his eyes rested in calm contemplation on the gleaming paddock.

"A beautiful thing—sunshine, to be sure," said he.

Her blush faded away into paleness; her lips closed. Without speaking she turned and walked slowly away, her head drooping. The philosopher heard the rustle of her skirt in the long grass of the orchard. He watched her for a few moments.

"A pretty, graceful creature," said he, with a smile. Then he opened his book, took his pencil in his hand and slipped in a careful forefinger to mark the fly leaf.

The sun had passed midheaven and began to decline westward before he finished the book. Then he stretched himself and looked at his watch.

"Good gracious, 2 o'clock! I shall be late for lunch!" And he hurried to his feet.

He was very late for lunch.

"Everything's cold," wailed his hostess. "Where have you been, Mr. Jerningham?"

"Only in the orchard, reading."

"And you've missed May!"

"Missed Miss May? How do you mean? I had a long talk with her this morning—a most interesting talk."

"But you weren't here to say goodby. Now, you don't mean to say that you forgot that she was leaving by the 2 o'clock train? What a man you are!"

"Dear me, to think of my forgetting it!" said the philosopher shamefacedly.

"She told me to say goodby to you for her."

"She's kind. I can't forgive myself."

His hostess looked at him for a moment. Then she sighed and smiled and sighed again.

"Have you everything you want?" she asked.

"Everything, thank you," said he, sitting down opposite the cheese and propping his book—he thought he would just run through the last chapter again—against the loaf; "everything in the world that I want, thanks."

His hostess did not tell him that the girl had come in from the apple orchard and run hastily up stairs, lest her friend should see what her friend did see in her eyes, so that he had no suspicion at all that he had received an offer of marriage and refused it. And he did not refer to anything of that sort when he paused once in his reading and exclaimed:

"I'm really sorry I missed Miss May. That was an interesting case of hers. But I gave the right answer. The girl ought to marry A."

And so the girl did.—Anthony Hope in English Illustrated Magazine.

JOHN'S MONTE CARLO.

AROUND THE GAMBLING TABLES OF A CHINESE RESORT.

A Traveler Tells of a Visit to the Monte Carlo of the East, Where Fantan Is the Game Played—Picturesque Scenes on the Canton River.

Descending the Canton river from the city of that name, the steamer for Hong-Kong touches at Macao, a tiny Portuguese settlement, situated at the mouth. The voyage down the river, though the scenery is flat, is not devoid of interest. The water was low, and we had to proceed often dead slow, and so had plenty of time to take stock of the native craft with which the river was thronged, for large numbers, though, after all, but only an infinitesimal proportion of this densely populated empire, know no other habitation than their boats.

The appearance of the picturesque Chinese junks, with their high sternposts, the pair of eyes invariably painted on their bows and laced brown sails, is too well known to merit description. Their appearance of unseaworthiness belies them. They seem able to hold their own with any boat of a smilar size of foreign make. The main portion of the work on board is performed by women. Poor women! The beasts of burden of the east! But the men work the guns, which are their main defense against the pirates, with which the coast of China is infested, in spite of every effort made by the authorities to suppress them and the certainty that death will be the result of their capture. So every junk is armed with cannon, nominally as a protection against pirates, but more probably with the object of doing a little business on their own account should opportunity offer. No pirates molested us, however, and we reached Macao safely in due course, some eight hours after leaving Canton, the only excitement being in watching the shoal of large white porpoises that stuck to the ship for miles and raced along with her, keeping up without any apparent effort a 12 good knots an hour.

Macao belongs to the Portuguese, but does not appear to be in a very flourishing condition, though a little is done in the tea trade. The chief source of income is derived from the heavy duty paid by the gambling tables, with which the little town is plentifully supplied and which have gained for it the sobriquet of the "Monte Carlo of the East."

The game played is fantan, a simple one; but, like all other games of the same class, with considerable odds against the player. The method of play is as follows: In the center of the table one large square is divided into four small ones. The players are seated around, and stake to any amount on any number or combination of two numbers they like. The croupier, while the staking is going on, takes a handful of Chinese cash (brass coins with a hole in the center) and places them on the table under a wooden saucer. When a ! the stakes are down, the croupier lifts the saucer, takes a chopstick and counts out the cash by inserting the end of the chopstick into the hole in the cash and drawing them toward him. The markers are counted into heaps of four and placed on one side, till, at last, there is a remainder of one, two, three or four, which ever it may happen to be. This is declared the winning number, and players who have backed it are paid three times their original stakes, less 12 per cent, which goes to the table. When backing a combination of two numbers, the amount paid to the winner is of course proportionately less. We in duty bound paid a visit to the tables and tried our luck and were fortunate in that after two nights' play we came off winners of $3 (Mexican), instead of being heavy losers, as is generally the case with travelers. But, as a matter of fact, we did not go to gamble, but rather to study the players.

They were well worth studying, for the faces of some of the players I shall never forget. The old croupier alone was worth going a considerable distance to watch. Stolid and emotionless, even for a Chinaman, he had a face like a mask, a face that gave one the impression that it never had changed and never would change, even in death.

It was a peculiarly striking face and did not belie the character of the man, for I do not suppose there could have been found any one more stoically indifferent to what was going on around him. Yet there were among those present many to whom the "remainder," after the count of each pile, might mean affluence or a return to a life of slavery. The Chinaman is a born gambler. He will make his modest pile by work, the severity of which, in many cases, men of no other nation could endure. Then he will bring the whole of it to the gambling tables and risk it without any more apparent concern than a Vanderbilt would show in risking a $5 note.

We noticed several of these misguided creatures, who looked as if they did not possess 5 cents in the world, plank down their $200 or $300, lose it and leave the room as if nothing out of the way had happened. We did not, however, see any of the highest play. The Chinaman, like all gamblers, is intensely superstitious and considers it unlucky to play in the presence of the hated European. A gallery runs round the room, and those who prefer it can sit there and back the number of their choice from above by letting down their stakes in a small basket and drawing up their winnings in the same manner.—Exchange.

Very Fastidious.

He had thrown himself at the feet of the girl he loved, and on bended knee he pleaded his cause.

"Will you be my wife?" he urged passionately.

"Certainly," she responded, with fastidious frankness, "but for goodness sake don't scrouch down that way. I don't like to accept a man whose pantaloons bag at the knee."—Detroit Free Press.

True Heroism.

A writer in The Well Spring says that on the day after the battle of Fredericksburg Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes' division lay 150 yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! Water!"

"General," said a boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"It breaks me all up to hear those wounded Yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland, do you know what you are asking?" said the general. "The moment you step in sight and over the wall, you'll get a bullet through your head. The skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll give me permission, I'll try it," said the young man.

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but how can I refuse? You may go, and may God protect you."

"Thank you, sir," and with a smile on his bright, handsome face the boy sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his noble errand became understood, and shouts of admiration instead of bullets followed him. He returned to his bivouac in safety.

Difficult Weddings.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up on the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriage in large tents, divided into numerous compartments.

At a given signal, as soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage and applying the willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them.

As with the maiden on the horse and the virgin on the tree top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—Western Mail.

Old Delft Ware.

The earliest wares for table use imported to this country were tortoise shell and delft. It is impossible to give any list of the many marks found on delft ware. The character of the decoration is frequently oriental, being copied from Chinese wares; hence the pieces are often mistaken and called India. The color of decoration generally used is blue, sometimes combined with green and yellow, the designs bold. The ware is a coarse pottery. The old pieces found here are usually plates, round platters, tiles and occasionally a tea caddy, teapot or "bowpot." Old delft is much sought after for decorative purposes. The pieces made a century ago have Dutch scenes, windmills, etc., and are frequently bulging bodied or flaring topped vases. The word delft has come to be applied to common crockery, wherever made, and many mistakes in definition arise therefrom.

The tortoise shell ware is English. Much of it was made by Whildon, the predecessor and partner of Wedgwood, till 1759. The marble, agate, tortoise shell, cauliflower and melon wares were made by him and by the Wedgewoods and one or two other potters and are really beautiful in color.—Philadelphia Times.

"Cat-a-cornered."

None of our lexicographers gives "cat-a-cornered" (sometimes "cat-a-cornerways"). "Cater-cornered" is given as "local English and United States." But does anybody in this country say cater-cornered? Worcester gives "catty-cornered" in a bashful note in small type. Halliwell derives "cater-cornered" from quatre, through the provincial "cater," to cut diagonally. But why go so far? Might not "catter-cornered" be only a corrupt "quarter cornered"—that is, quartered by lines through the corners instead of in the more usual way, by lines at right angles to the sides? This etymology seems to be confirmed by a curious bit of folk speech in the upper Hudson country. Our people, in sawing or nailing anything at an angle other than a right angle, do not place it or cut it "quartering," which is the recognized technical term, but "cattering." I am told that in parts of Vermont "cattering" is used in the sense of bias. For "cattering" there is a ludicrous diminutive much oftener used in my neighborhood—namely, "kittering"—that is, somewhat cattering, for is not a kit a little cat?—Century.

A Well Timed Sally.

When Wilson, the English comedian, made his debut, it was in the character formerly supported by Shuter. Upon his appearance on the stage the audience called out for their former favorite by crying: "Off, off. Shuter! Shuter!" Wilson, turning round and with a face as stupid as art could make it and suiting his action to his words, replied: "Shoot her! Shoot her!" pointing at the same time at the female performer on the stage with him. "I'm sure she does her part very well." This well timed sally of seeming stupidity turned the scale in his favor and called down repeated applause, which continued during the whole of the performance.—Exchange.

A PECULIAR BREED OF CATS.

They Are Wild, Are Minus Tails and Have Very Long Hind Legs.

In the swamps and woods that cover the southern end of Barnegat beach in South Jersey a breed of cats peculiar to Jersey alone exist. They are not only tailless, but their hind legs are longer than their front ones, giving them the appearance of rabbits. This curious species of felines has been resident on the island for many years. Over half a century ago an English bark came ashore on Barnegat's shoals, and among the things that managed to reach the beach were a number of Manx cats. These animals are found only on the isle of Man and are without tails. For a little while the cats remained around the Barnegat lighthouse, but the keeper, becoming tired of their pilferings and inharmonious concerts at night, drove them away.

They took to the dense woods and thickets, where they soon multiplied very rapidly. During the winter months the swamps are visited by thousands of birds in search of food, and the tailless cats manage to live very nicely.

Efforts to tame the felines have met with some success, and the cats make nice pets. During several winters, when the intense cold kept the birds away from Barnegat, the cats depended on the surf clams for food. The clams were thrown on shore by the waves, and becoming frozen opened their shells, making it an easy matter for the animals to secure the contents.

Years of life in the woods have made them both wild and savage, and they could make a formidable stand against any one who hunts them. These strange animals have become expert as fishers, and often in warm weather, when the surf is full of fish, go into the shallow water and as a wave recedes, leaving the fish floundering in a few inches of water, fasten their claws in its sides and drag it beyond the reach of the incoming waves. The animals present a curious appearance, as they jump about much as a kangaroo does. They are expert climbers and have been known to raise their young in hollow trees far above the ground.

Several years ago a strange disease attacked and killed many of the animals, but they soon increased to their former numbers again. In color the tailless cats resemble our domestic tiger feline, but in size they are much smaller. Their fur is much coarser and longer than that found on our own tabby cats.—Newark Journal.

A Peppery Queen Gertrude.

On a recent Shakespearean tour a new heavy lady joined us at Manchester, her opening part being the queen in "Hamlet."

This actress, having been disengaged for some time to preserve her wardrobe from moth, had smothered it in black pepper. Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect upon all on the stage.

The king, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty a-tish-oo that made the stage vibrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with his most sublime tragedy air, but after a convulsive movement of his princely features buried them in his somber robe, while sneeze after sneeze was all the pulbic heard from him.

I was playing Ophelia, and what with a wild desire to laugh and then to sneeze and then to cry jumbled the lot up in a violent fit of hysterics. Amid the hubbub on the stage and the shrieks of delight from the audience the stage manager sneezingly rang down the curtain.—London Answers.

Diffuse and Shallow Culture.

The necessity of knowing a little about a great many things is the most grievous burden of our day. It deprives us of leisure on the one hand and of scholarship on the other. The notion is gradually gaining ground that common school education is as good as college education; that extension lectures and summer classes are acceptable substitutes for continuous study and mental discipline; that reading translations of the classics is better, because easier, than reading the classics themselves, and that attending a "congress" of specialists gives us, in some mysterious fashion, a very respectable knowledge of their specialities. It is after this manner that we enjoy in all its varied aspects that energetic idleness which Mr. Bagehot recommends as a deliberate sedative to our restless self esteem. As Dr. Johnson discontentedly observed of the education of the Scotch, this is like bread in a besieged town. "Every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal."—Agnes Repplier in Forum.

As to the Sex of Rabbits.

Does the common hare or rabbit change its sex with the season? I know that this seems like asking a very foolish question, but if you will investigate the matter you will find that there is something in it after all. Lyly, the English dramatist, in his "Midas," says, "Hares we cannot be, because they are male one year and female the next." Topsell's "History of Four Footed Beasts" bears out a similar idea, and most of the ancient writers on natural history give us to understand that hares are bisexual. I have often heard old hunters claim that no one ever saw a male hare in summer or a female in winter.—St. Louis Republic.

One Ear Hears First.

Late studies in acoustics have been in the direction of determining the functions of the two ears in locating the direction of a sound. The conclusions deducted from these studies are: First, we are able to judge of the direction from which a sound comes because it reaches one of the ears before it does the other, and, second, that the other ear enables us to determine the direction in which the intensity of the sound perceived is a maximum without turning the head.—Exchange.

CLASSICAL REVOLUTIONISTS.

The Love of Elegant Precedent In the French Revolutionary Leaders.

Mr. John G. Alger says in his "Glimpses of the French Revolution" that a very noticeable feature of the revolutionary leaders was their admiration for the classical writers and their imitation of the Roman people. The speeches and writings of the times were full of allusions to and similes drawn from the poets and philosophers of antiquity. Says Mr. Alger on this point:

Some of the revolutionists not merely quoted the Romans, but imitated them. Claviere killed himself on the eve of his trial, Valaze stabbed himself in the dock, Condorcet, Buzot, Barbaroux and Roland also committed suicide. Vergniaud had intended to do likewise, but at the last moment changed his purpose. Chabot attempted suicide. Mme. Roland, who at 12 years of age regretted not being a Spartan or a Roman, had to be dissuaded from poisoning herself before trial, one reason, it is but fair to add, being that her property would thus have been saved for her daughter from confiscation. Charlotte Corday in stabbing Marat was manifestly acting under classical recollections. She took her favorite Plutarch with her on her journey to Paris, and she hoped to stab Marat in the convention and be torn to pieces, but possibly to be applauded, by his fellow deputies. She counted on meeting Brutus and other ancients in the Elysian fields.

"One regrets the theatrical tone which some may attribute to her collateral descent from Corneille. When arrested, she applied to the committee of public safety for leave to have her portrait taken as a bequest to her native department. At her trial, noticing that an artist, Hauer, was sketching her, she turned her head toward him that he might have a better view, and she obtained permission to give him a two hours' sitting in her cell while waiting for the tumbril. She suggested corrections in his sketch and begged him to send a replica to her father. She presented him also with a lock of her hair. The revolutionists, indeed, were too self conscious."

Another way in which the "Friends of Liberty" showed their admiration for the writers of antiquity was by changing their names for those of their favorite Roman heroes or heroines. This copying of the names and even the customs of ancient Greece and Rome must have often led to some very strange incongruities.

"Even the rooms in the Paris prisons were inscribed Cincinnatus, Brutus, Socrates, etc., sometimes also Marat, which was peculiarly appropriate, until in June, 1794, Payan urged on the municipality that the shades of these great men would be indignant at seeing the cells of conspirators called by their names. Thereupon the inscriptions were effaced. Civic dinners in imitation of Sparta also became common in Paris a few weeks before Robespierre's fall. People had tables spread outside their houses in the street and had their servants sit down to partake with them. A man would be heard haughtily ordering his servant on the staircase and coming out to dinner would have that servant sit beside him and would drink his health. A fashionable lady would say: 'Look how I love equality! I dine publicly with my servants.' This innovation, denounced by some as an intrigue of the Hebertists, by others as an aristocratic device for lulling patriotic suspicions, was, however, very short lived."

A Mild Rebuke.

In a small New England village there lives a man named Jenkins Sanderson, whose enormous, ungainly figure and forbidding expression of countenance seem to belie his real gentleness and good nature and make him an object of distrust and sometimes even of horror to strangers. His wife is a thin, prim old lady, the embodiment of neatness and exceedingly quiet in her manners. She has a serene, placid face, which is not often agitated by smiles and still more rarely ruffled by frowns.

She was taking tea one summer afternoon with a neighbor who had a new "summer boarder," a lady of hysterical tendencies, who boasted of the "extreme sensitiveness of her nervous organization." Several other worthy dames, residents of the village, were participants in this mild festivity.

As the guests were seated around the table, the summer boarder chanced to look out of the window and saw Jenkins Sanderson approaching the house with a message for his wife. It was the summer boarder's first sight of him.

"Oh, mercy on us!" she exclaimed in shrill dismay, dropping her teacup, with a clatter. "Just see! Who's that awful looking man coming up the path? He has frightened me almost out of my wits!"

The embarrassment of the other guests was painful for a moment, but no longer. Mrs. Sanderson gazed calmly out of the window and then turned her mild glance upon the hysterical boarder. "Why, ma'am," she said tranquilly, "that is my good husband. He is an awful looking man, but God made him!"—Youth's Companion.

The Way to Tell an Orange.

Big oranges are no good. They are all skin and fiber. If you want "a yellow cup of wine," buy small fruit—that is, fruit that runs 176 or 200 to the box. Weigh it in the hand and take the heaviest. Sweet, sound oranges are full of wine and sugar and very heavy. A thin, smooth skin is a good sign. Wide, deep pored skins are unmistakable signs of a coarse, spongy article. Bright yellow oranges usually cost more than russet, because they are prettier. When the commission merchant buys in a hurry, he saves time by taking an orange between his hands and squeezing it to death. If it runs a cup of wine, he takes as much of the cargo as he needs. If it runs dry, he cuts the price or refuses to trade. There is no surer way to tell the real value of an orange, mandarin or grape fruit.—Exchange.

Human Pigs.

Poverty is no crime, but the filthy ways and filthy lives of many people are criminal, and this interpretation should be put upon the wholesale disregard of hygienic surroundings by the authorities. The man who throws a dead animal into the alley is held amenable to the laws of the land, while the woman who lets all sorts of filth accumulate within her house is protected by the door of her house. But she should not be.

We will not approach the point of eradicating diseases which are eradicable until we go at the work at the right end and in the right manner. There are human pigs, and they are not so scarce as to excite wonder either. These must be handled by the usual means of abating nuisances, and if the healthy well being of a community depends upon housecleaning by the strong arm of the law, why, in goodness' name, let it come to that!

There is a great problem that our age is not likely to settle, and it relates to the welfare of the poor, for they are with us always. Poverty stalks abroad in the land, and to relieve it calls for a new deal somewhere. This great question the wise men who make our laws will settle to their own but not to their neighbors' satisfaction. But the one fact remains undisproved, and that is that cleanliness is less expensive than quarantine.—Dr. John A. de Armand in Medical Bulletin.

The Stormiest Region.

In reply to the query of which is the stormiest region of the ocean Pearson's Weekly says: "Taking the question in the ordinary sense of the words, this evil distinction must be given to the region lying about Cape Horn, or Cape Smoke, as it is aptly and with good reason called by mariners. It is true that no storms so violent as the hurricanes of the West Indies, the cyclones of the North American Atlantic coast or the typhoons of the China seas are to be met with here.

"But, on the other hand, the waters of Cape Horn have never been unvisited by storms for more than a week or two at a stretch within the memory of man. Standing on the outpost of the world, Cape Horn is the meeting place of ocean currents of very different temperatures from the icy cold waters of the Antarctic drift to the warmth of the Brazil and Peruvian return currents. The prevailing winds are from the northwest and west, and these coming from the warm regions of the Pacific condense into the fogs which sailors call 'Cape Horn blankets' and which are the sure forerunners of storms. The extremely low level to which the glaciers of Terra del Fuego descend, the perpetual congelation of the subsoil, the meeting of conflicting winds of very different temperatures, are all direct or indirect causes combining to make this the most constantly stormy region of the world."

A Bonaparte Letter.

An Italian newspaper publishes the following characteristic letter from the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz to the celebrated actor Talma: "I have fought like a lion for the republic, my good Talma, and now she rewards me by letting me starve. I am at the end of my resources. That wretched Aubrey leaves me in the streets when he could very well do something for me. I feel capable of accomplishing more than the Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and there is not a soul to employ me. You are fortunate! Your fame does not depend on any one. Two hours passed on the stage puts you in the presence of the public, who rewards you with glory. We military must strive for it on a larger stage, on which we are not always allowed to appear. Do not complain of your position. Remain at your theater. Who knows if I shall ever appear at mine again? I saw Monvel yesterday. He is a true friend. Barras promises me much. Will he keep his word? I doubt it. Meanwhile I have arrived at my last sou. Can you favor me with a few crowns? They would be very useful to me, and I give you my word to return them to you from the first kingdom that I conquer with my sword. How fortunate the heroes of Ariosto were! They did not depend upon a minister of war! Addio, always yours, Bonaparte."

A Joke on Longfellow.

A good story of Poet Longfellow is told by the Bath (Me.) Independent. Theodore S. McLellan was foreman of the printing establishment of Joseph Griffin when Longfellow, then living in the Barrows' house, issued his first volume of poems and worked on the book. Longfellow was very painstaking with his manuscript and always used to send in the copy for each form nicely stitched together. To distribute it among the compositors it had to be cut apart. This annoyed the poet greatly, and he protested earnestly against the mutilation. Three different proof sheets were sent him, it being understood that if the last proof was not returned to the office within half an hour the form could be struck off. On one occasion Longfellow wrote on the back of the first revise:

> Mr. Griffin, Mr. Griffin!
> If you let that "devil," Theodore,
> Cut my copy any more,
> I'll destroy him in a jiffin.

The lines were set up and printed in the final revise, which was sent to the poet, and then taken out. The boy had hardly reached the office when Longfellow rushed in, white with excitement and fear, lest the form had been run off. His relief on discovering that he was the victim of a practical joke may be imagined better than described.

What She Feared.

Fannie—I am dreadfully nervous! Mr. Charlie Bondclipper is going to call on papa this afternoon to ask for my hand.

Jennie—Are you afraid your father will refuse?

Fannie—No. Father is all right.

Jennie—Then what are you nervous about?

Fannie—I'm afraid Charlie will not show up.—London Tit-Bits.

IT PAYS TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Lying Over the Dinner Table Nearly Finished a Man's Chances.

"Yes," said the man with the imperial, "it always pays to tell the truth. I remember that once, when I was a good deal younger, I came mighty near losing the woman who is now my wife because I lied a bit."

"To her?" asked the young man with the Vandyke beard.

"No; to her father. You see, it was this way: I was a young sprig of a clerk then, with but little money and no prospects in particular. I had seen the girl who is my wife at one or two places I had been, and I was dead in love with her. I figured around and got permission to call on her, and it wasn't long before I had proposed and had been accepted. Then came the tug of war. I had to go and ask her father for her hand. He was rich as mud and had the reputation of being the ugliest old skate in the ward. I got my courage up one morning, though, and walked into his office and struck him for the girl. After I had told him what I wanted he asked me to sit down, and we had a long talk. He inquired into my prospects and my habits and all that and wound up by inviting me to dinner the next day.

"I was tickled to death, for I thought I had made a hit with the old man, and I went to dinner the next night in high feather. The dinner itself was fair, but the wine was execrable. The old man kept filling my glass at every opportunity and urging me to drink. Then the ladies went away, and the old man produced cigars. He offered me one. I took it and lighted it. So help me, it was the poorest weed I had ever tackled, and I have gone against pressed Pittsburg tobies too! Then he poured me out another glass of wine and told me to drink it. It was something like a combination of spoiled vinegar and alcohol. It was abominable. The old man made great ado in putting his away. He smacked his lips, sipped it as if it were priceless Tokay and held it to the light in an ecstasy of admiration.

"'Great wine, that, don't you think?' he asked me. I said that it was the best I had ever tasted.

"'Oh, yes,' continued the old man. 'I imported that wine myself. Has a most magnificent bouquet. There's nothing like it in this country.' I assured him that I was confident of that. Then he went on praising it, and I chimed in with him and said three words for every one of his. I called it nectar fit for the gods. I told him that it reminded me of some very rare vintage which I had once tasted in New York and a lot of other guff like that, and wound up by assuring him that the damnable cigar I was trying to smoke was the most fragrant Havana I had ever lighted.

"The old man seemed pleased. He fairly beamed at me. I was congratulating myself that I had made an excellent stroke and was feeling on pretty good terms with myself when the old man straightened up and roared, 'Young man, you can't marry my daughter.' I ventured to ask him why, and he roared again: 'Because, sir, you are an infernal liar! You sat there tonight and perjured yourself about this slop we have been drinking in the place of wine. It is the worst concoction I ever tasted. And that cigar cost about 2 cents. You are a liar. The truth is not in you. If it is, you are a coward. You didn't dare tell me what you thought about this stuff. I want neither a liar nor a coward for a son-in-law. Get out!'

"With that he stamped out of the room, and there was nothing for me to do but go home. I made up my mind that the game was up, and I was disconsolate. I tried to see my sweetheart and was baffled at every turn. For three days I was heartbroken. Then I got a note from the old man. It read like this: 'Young man, on second thought I have made up my mind that I need a good liar in my business. Take the girl if she wants you, and I will give you an interest in the firm.'

"And that," continued the man with the imperial, "is the way I got my start in life and my wife."—Buffalo Express.

The Marks of a Musician.

"'Musical down to his finger tips,' is a common enough expression, but few people realize its true significance," said a musical sharp, who is also somewhat of a flat, to me the other day. "As a matter of fact," he continued, "a real musician—one to whose soul true harmony appeals with all its beautiful and poetic force—is so susceptible to its effects that it sends the blood to his heart, and his extremities, when such an artist is engaged in a performance of any length, become cold as frogs. I do not know of a single exception. Did you ever shake hands with Paderewski just after he came from the piano? If you did, you must have noticed that his hand was like a lump of ice. The same thing is true of amateurs who have the real artistic temperament, and if such a one hasn't cold hands under such circumstances you can know that he or she has no real musical sentiment. It is an infallible test."—New York Mail and Express.

Where Age Is Sensitive.

A young girl sprang forward impulsively one evening to help an elderly caller get into his overcoat. He rejected her assistance rather curtly. After he had gone away her mother shrewdly remarked, "If you want to taunt a man no longer young with his age, offer to hold his overcoat for him."—Detroit News.

Romero Rubio, secretary of state in the Mexican cabinet and father-in-law to President Diaz, is lying at the point of death.

Amos Huen, colored, tried to kill Station Agent E. A. Kunkle at Valley Forge, Pa., and was killed.

So deep is her interest in the cause of woman's suffrage that Mrs. Nancy Gilman, aged 90, recently secured 100 signatures to a petition asking the New Hampshire legislature to grant the right to vote to women.

Dangers of the Paris Cab.

Professor Brouardel relates the two following histories of accidents that happened on the same day to a cabman and a medical practitioner. The former fell asleep in his heated cab after having carefully closed the windows. Half an hour later he was taken out dead, and post mortem examinations at the morgue revealed carbonic oxide poisoning as the cause of the catastrophe. On the other hand, the practitioner had reentered his heated and closed carriage after an absence of an hour at a consultation.

After a drive of five minutes he was seized with giddiness, nausea and a degree of muscular loss of power that rendered the throwing open of the carriage windows a matter of extreme difficulty. He suffered from the effects of this carbonic acid poisoning for 10 further days. In the course of the discussion that ensued M. Moissan stated that this danger was not limited to the briguettes of public vehicles, but extended to nearly all the household heating apparatus.

The joints of these apparatuses were mostly composed of glazed earthenware, which under the influence of the heat, soon cracked and allowed the carbonic oxide gas to escape. He said that nonfatal accidents were very common, and he knew many people who complained every winter of malaise, which disappeared in summer with the exit of the determining cause—the deadly briquette of the comfortable (?) Paris heated cab.—London Lancet.

How Sound Travels.

In day air at 92 degrees sound travels 1,142 feet per second, or about 775 miles per hour; in water, 4,900 feet per second; in iron, 17,500 feet per second; in copper, 10,378 feet per second, and in wood from 12,000 to 16,000 per second. It has also been proved that the sound of a bell can be heard 45,000 feet through water, and that when the same bell was wrung in the open air it could be heard but 456 feet.—St. Louis Republic.

A Fish With a Rubber Corset.

Forest and Stream speaks of a curious find in the Cape Ann fish market at Gloucester, Mass. It was nothing less than a mackerel with a rubber band around the body. The band had been put on the fish when quite small and staid there in spite of the rapid growth of the wearer. The fish's body under the band did not grow, which caused a depression in the full grown body of about 3 inches in depth. The depression was covered with a healthy skin in no way unlike that on the rest of the body. The fish measured in length 14 inches, diameter of body each side of the depression, 7¾ inches; diameter of depression, 5 inches. The fish was undoubtedly in a healthy condition, and the band was sound and could be stretched like any other band.

Standing by the Women.

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch writes to the Illinois Suffragist:

The Illinois supreme court is still standing by women's right to vote at school elections, as is evidenced by their recent decision of Ackerman versus Haenck et al. "It is claimed that 600 women were allowed to vote. Under the law as declared by this court in Plummer versus Yost, 144 Illinois, 68, the women who voted for members of the board of education and president of the board were qualified voters." My congratulations to the 600 women suffragists in Spring Valley, where this contest arose.

Earthquakes.

There has been much dispute as to the causes of earthquakes. They are often associated with volcanic phenomena. When the lava of a volcano contains much water, the latter is converted into steam and produces explosions which jar the ground for miles. The explosion of the great mine at Hell Gate, in New York, occasioned tremblings of the earth which were observed 175 miles away.—Washington Star.

Used Up the Alphabet.

A Toronto man has gone through the alphabet naming his nine children, beginning with Alice Beatrice Caroline and ending with Xerxes Yorick Zenith. All nine are living, and the oldest is only 14 years old, but there is one pair of twins in the list, which used up six letters of the alphabet. The children are easily nicknamed by calling their initials for short.—Toronto Empire.

Two Quotations.

This quotation appears on the bedroom door in a south Lancaster (England) hotel, "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety." Below which the proprietor has penned, "Owing to the frequency of hotel robberies, you are requested to bolt your door."—London Globe.

M. Dufosse, a French savant, declares that fishes can talk. They can, he declares, produce certain sounds at will by the vibration of certain specially designed muscles. These vibrations are caused by a little air bladder, which is alternately distended and exhausted.

Quito, in Ecuador, though on the line of the equator, has a mean temperature the year round but little different from that of Boston, owing to its elevation, says a writer in Goldthwaite's Magazine.

The idea of the balloon first occurred to the Montgolfier brothers from seeing a large piece of paper fall over the fire, become inflated with smoke and hot air, rise and sail away.

Every man has within himself the germ of a noble life, if he will but pull up the weeds and let the showers and sunshine have a chance.

Three degrees of mining speculation—positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.

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Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

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Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at [illegible] p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Poisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1087 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5800 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 288 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 382 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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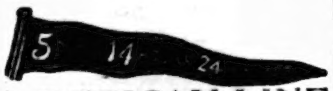

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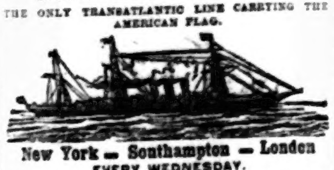

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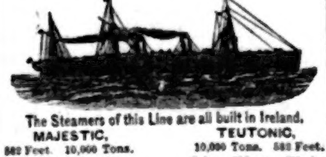

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